

jubilat



US \$8.00

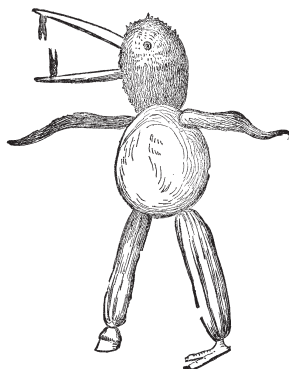
31 >



74470 98265 4

jubilat

twenty five



FOUNDER
Robert N. Casper

FOUNDING EDITORS
Christian Hawkey
Kelly LeFave
Michael Teig

PUBLISHER
Emily Pettit

EDITORS
Kevin González
Caryl Pagel

MANAGING EDITOR
Shannon Burns

EDITORS-AT-LARGE
Jen Bervin
Terrance Hayes
Cathy Park Hong
Evie Shockley

ASSISTANT EDITOR
Ted Powers

ASSISTANT MANAGING EDITOR
Chris Hunt Griggs

DESIGN EDITOR
Guy Pettit

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
Andrew Beccone
Jedediah Berry
Heather Christle
Jessica Fjeld
Peter Gizzi
Kimiko Hahn
Matthea Harvey
Anne Cecelia Holmes
Eric Keenaghan
Andrew Kenower
Brett Fletcher Lauer
Jeffrey Lependorf
Lisa Olstein
Dara Wier

ISSN: 1529-0999
Printed in Massachusetts

EDITORIAL ASSISTANTS
Lizzie Lenson
John Sieracki

READERS
Jon Ruseski
Andrew Cothren

jubilat is published twice yearly at the
University of Massachusetts, Amherst.

Business & Editorial Address:

jubilat
Department of English
482 Bartlett Hall
University of Massachusetts
Amherst, MA 01003-9269

Subscriptions: Individuals \$14 per year or
\$26 for two years. Institutions \$28 per
year or \$52 for two years. Please add \$5
for Canadian and foreign subscriptions.
Single issues are available for \$8.

Distributed by Ingram and Ubiquity.

jubilat is funded in part by the
National Endowment for the Arts,
the Massachusetts Cultural Council
& the UMass Arts Council.

For information on how to submit,
please visit us at www.jubilat.org.

© 2014 **jubilat**. No portions of **jubilat**
may be reproduced without permission.



CONTENTS

- 7 *Two Poems*
DARA WIER
- 12 *The Children*
MICHAEL MARTIN SHEA
- 13 *Two Poems*
CHRISTINE NEACOLE KANOWNIK
- 16 *The Can't Not's the Constant*
DORA MALECH
- 18 *From*
STUART ROSS
- 19 *Three Poems*
RANDALL MANN
- 26 *Lying in the dark for the earthquake*
HALIE THEOHARIDES
- 29 *Two Poems*
JERIMEE BLOEMEKE
- 35 *Two Poems*
LESLE LEWIS
- 38 *On Description: An Essay*
LUCY IVES
- 46 *Two Poems*
MARK LEIDNER
- 50 *Three Poems*
JOHN ASHBERY
- 53 *Anachronistic Frieze*
PAIGE TAGGART
- 60 *Tin Can Reader*
JACK CHRISTIAN

- 62 *Drone*
LAURIE SAURBORN YOUNG
- 67 *My Wig*
BRYAN BECK
- 70 *Two Poems*
SARA DENIZ AKANT
- 72 *Two Poems*
GIBSON FAY-LEBLANC
- 74 *from Waters: A Lenten Poem*
SASHA STEENSEN
- 78 *Clouds*
JESSE NATHAN
- 82 *Root Systems of Narrative: A Séance*
ANDREA REXILIUS
- 91 *Three Poems*
MICHAEL COMSTOCK
- 96 *from Fur & After*
STEN CARLSON
- 102 *Two Poems*
DANIEL KHALASTCHI
- 106 *Three Poems*
LAUREN SHAPIRO
- 109 *The WooHoo Interaction*
- 118 *The Noble Rider*
JESSICA LASER
- 121 *The Cheese-Eaters*
HENRY FINCH
- 122 *Two Poems*
RODRIGO TOSCANO
- 125 *Two Poems*
BRIDGETTE BATES

- 129 *Three Poems*
MARCELO HERNANDEZ CASTILLO
- 132 *from Love Letters*
EMILY McGRATH-HO
- 135 *Two Poems*
BROC ROSSELL
- 137 *from Young Boy in Red Sweater*
ELAINE BLEAKNEY
- 138 *from Rare and Special Interests*
ERIC AMLING
- 141 *All Things in Life Are Subject to Doubt, Whether Real or Imaginary*
MAGGIE GLOVER
- 144 *from Sore Songs*
HEATHER JUNE GIBBONS
- 145 *Two Poems*
CAROLINE CABRERA
- 147 *Two Poems*
TODD MELICKER
- 149 *Water the Destroyer*
STELLA CORSO
- 150 *A System of Holding*
KIMBERLY GREY

jubilat drawing portfolio by Lizzie Lee Lenson

Cover art by Mark Leidner

BIOGRAPHY OF A WATERFALL

Dara Wier

We walked on, we rode on, we drove on, we rode on, we walked on.

Was it Mark Twain: to string
incongruities and absurdities together
in a wandering and sometimes purposeless way,
and seem innocently unaware they are absurdities
that is the basis of American art.

No one had ever said anything until about 30,000 years ago.

Suppose it happened when the hourglass stood
for the place where hourglasses are made?

INCUNABULA arrested my attention
but I knew not yet to know what it meant.
And I pronounced it one syllable at a time,
all stressed, like a spell, like a magical practice.

They looked as if everything they were saying they were saying in italics.

All things concerning Fibonacci.

Find the linear recurrence sequences! That's what it said.

Those turned out to be the revelations of the roadside oracle.

The reverberations extended throughout all time and space.

Say a little something about Marcel & Suzanne Duchamp
and the story of their very unhappy readymade.

Where is the correspondence
between them during the course of which
M. instructs S. how to treat
Euclid's geometry text
he's sent for her to treat.

That resembles down through the Ages.

Prior to fish.

When everything was a floating thing, when everything was floating.

Somewhere someone made a note

that we on average average around 12,000 thoughts a day.

That just doesn't seem like all that many.

LIKE NOTHING AT ALL

That felt exactly like an alarm clock I didn't set going off inside me
non-stop.

When a young arab shepherd walked into an unfamiliar cave
and laid his hands on what turned out to be The Dead Sea Scrolls
with all their mysterious antiquity, possibly the very origins of thought,
we still linger over, forever after, and that sort of thing,
there were insects in them but no references to their origins.

No good way of knowing from where they've come.

It seems as if all we have figured out is a fraction of what
we've concocted.

We make a tool, we imagine we know how to use it.

We aggravate an animal until the animal is the animal we desire.

We passionate the dawn.

It's pretty though the way a good
edge on a fine blade is.

Who says more than who we are,
what's less with us now than what once we were,
if we were quiet for ten thousand years,
if we were other than
passing strange,
as when we are passing by, riding those famous slipstreams
there goes another glimpse of us, a time-lapse smear
of lights and song registering in our ever anxious brains.
We know we're best off when we lose ourselves and forget
that we exist, when we fail
to wonder why we're here.
Why do we insist on knowing from which what all else
arrives. Dumb. I am so dumb.

THE CHILDREN

Michael Martin Shea

After our parents were taken away, we dragged the skylines from their doorsteps. We unfettered the maps from their cages, pulled shreds of parchment from our teeth, danced wildly in our underpants. Then Jimmy got up on the couch & said, *Let's re-assemble the vestiges of our ragged Constitution, let's usher in a new era of American exceptionalism.* There was a vote. Everyone except Cindy thought Jimmy had a good idea, which figured, because Cindy was what we called a "prototypical anarcho-syndicalist." We pulled Cindy's hair till she screamed, then Jimmy stuffed whole trees down her throat. From then on, everyone was afraid of Jimmy. He spoke with the dogs. He walked around with a spoon under his left armpit. We abandoned our notions of corporeal resurrection, of a body not digested by the larger natural world, and the days hung themselves from the shower rod till it broke. Then one night, the power went out. Outside, you could hear the other children caterwauling in their various suburbs. We watched through the blinds as a strange man drove up & parked his television in our driveway. Me & Jimmy picked out the sharpest knives from my father's collection & went down to the mailbox. *Now we become the parents*, he said. We looked at our hands with wonder.

THE WRECK

Christine Neacole Kanownik

I think I was wrecked
a deep wreck and I think it was me
I don't know where I was going
when I was wrecked
or who was on board
I know
that we need to reprocess
the given information
and to find someone willing to fuck
without breathing
or to break without feeling
my dearest friends
are the ones who make me realize
that I am afraid
I was a man named Seachrist
but I wrecked

THE COWARD

When a fox eats
when a fox eats where a fox
eats then the fox eats
when the fox is hungry
the fox eats and when the fox
finds food the fox eats when
the fox isn't hungry and the
fox finds food the fox
the fox eats when fox
when fox doesn't
find food the fox gets
hungry and very hungry and maybe
the fox dies if the fox
does not find food for long
the fox dies the fox ate and ate
and then the fox died or when the fox is
too slow the fox dies when the fox
ignores its better instincts
or has not instincts or when the fox
has bad instincts then the
fox also dies but the fox will probably
have many meals before the fox dies
the fox dies the fox dies
the fox dies and the fox dies
but I saw a dead fox
a dead fox and I saw a dead rat
and I see live rats everyday



THE CAN'T NOT'S THE CONSTANT

Dora Malech

If *now*, then *when*, not *if*.

If so, this rented vow redshifts.

View onto

baby's *bye-* *bye*, baby's

no give its. Spectrum shows all this.

Love's trip came slow-sung

as in an era before me, *be for me*. Erase an *a* in

erase to *ere's* is to stare, sore *I see*. To

a note undid, in and outed,

tides sited,

a way waves away, waves

and did I? I did. *And*

do I? I do.

Is as sight sits a sigh,

what one calls *priors* chase *now*, *ors*. I'll trap

as finger, ring-safe,

forever, I said. Or I said *fever*.

No matter in either.

I am not in the rite.

I re-

spoke free.

Ask, for keep's sake.

FROM

Stuart Ross

From the briefcase, I withdrew two identical file folders.

From each folder, I withdrew a photograph of a woman.

From my mouth, I extracted a piece of gum and pushed it into a scrap of paper, crushing it into a ball.

From the time I was six or seven, I had chewed gum compulsively.

From the sky, which we could not see, thirty sparrows swooped low, almost skimming the roof of the building that housed my office.

From their beaks came the words of birds, and the occasional flash of bird-tongue.

From the clouds above the birds came a sprinkling of rain.

From out, seemingly, of nowhere, I said, "It's the same woman — both of them are the same woman."

From somewhere in the canyon of the other man's throat came the rumble of phlegm.

From the flapping of the birds' wings came a force that caused leaves to flutter.

From the depths of my memory came the image of a woman screaming, her fingers stuck in the door of the car.

From her womb had issued Allan, and two years after I last saw him, he drove his car into a wall.

BLUE SKY THINKING

Randall Mann

This town is full of suits,
none of the suits wear suits.
I can smell the Listerine
and dryer sheets—

the SVP's streak can't be mean,
just mercilessly clean.
This town is full of flutes
aspiring to be filled.

It's March now, 2013.
It's getting high, the S&P
(which I watch obsessively).
The yacht-rock trails off

I hear you, he coos.
I get your fear.
It's almost curled.
It's almost third-world,

the occasional cough.
The fear like cashmere,
casual as sweater
weather and beige.

And at our age!
Soy candles
and man-handles;
Pottery-Barn
power-bottoms.

The old thinking:
the sky, the color
of a wine cooler,

everyone says is blue.

BLACK BOX

I was someone's
honor's student once,
a sticker, a star.
I aced Home Ec and Geometry;

I learned to stab a fork,
steer my mother's car.
Old enough to work,
I refreshed the salad bar

at Steak & Ale,
scarcity a line
I couldn't fail.
The summers between university,

interned at AT&T,
in the minority
outreach they called *Inroads*.
My boss, Vicki, had two

roommates, whom she
called, simply, The Gays,
crashing on her floor.
That was before

I was gay, I won't try to say
with a straight face.
Like anyone really cares,
I care. What I'm trying to say:

all this prepared
me for these squat blinking
office accessories.
The dry drinking

after the accidental reply-all.
By now there's a lot to lose.
Little by little, I have become
so careful, no talk

of politics, or orientation:
I let them say, he's "a homosexual,"
without an arch correction.
At a fondue buffet

in Zurich, our dumb-
founded senior group
director—when I let slip,
damn it, my trip

with a twenty-year-old—inquired,
They're always over seventeen,
right? I told her of course,
god yes, and, seething, smiled,

which I'm famous for.
I didn't want to scare
her. But I tell you,
I'm keeping score.

E-mail is no more
than a suicide
I'd like to please recall.
Note my suicide.

I'm paid to multitask,
scramble the life
out of fun:
Monday I will ask—

every dash a loaded gun,
every comma, a knife—
you to bury the black-box file.

ROCKSTAR

Deadbolt the door on the way
out, and don't steal anything, I say.
I'm late. It'll take control
not to scream at that queen

who always takes two
seats on the train
when one will do, it's nothing,
I'm almost. The Rockstar, too,

free but undrinkable
at the canteen. I drink it all,
compare myself favorably
to Wallace

Stevens, but *seriously*—
I'm at a loss.
I repeat myself; I repeat
the same feeble

longing before town-hall
meetings and first dates . . .
It's hard to say what I do:
I help Statistics say

what it never knew
it wanted to say—and fine,
what's most important
is passion, doesn't

matter what, cats online, poetry
(ugh); I find mine
are about landscape; Anne
Carson—do you know (never mind)

in her *Paris Review*, no me neither—
talked about background; oh,
well I am a mutt, Filipino, my mother,
Mexican-Puerto-Rican-yellow—

don't know how I got this job either,
I have an MFA; sure, Jenny Holzer
used three of mine—
no, her admin, we're hella

tight or not; my first was with Jeff
Tweedy, he went into rehab, he left
right after via Chicago;
ha I am weird

about bowties, so wired,
too many polka dots, no
one else dresses up in San Francisco:
I am acting like a man,

these time zones, meetings, I mean
I love tricks who are sleaz-
y enough to bare me please—

LYING IN THE DARK FOR THE EARTHQUAKE

Halie Theoharides

in the past I am already dead
pressed flat like a fern in a book I'm the maidenhair
my palms are so thin they brush your face and you don't feel it
my cards can't trust me to hold them
I let them get wet at a party
I drove to Price Chopper at midnight
and came back here by myself and yes I am lonely
especially when the earthquake rattles the house
and I lie on the floor until it is over
and then I go around asking if anyone felt it
and none of them felt it
and none of them know my name
this is just a two-year transit
my teeth can't tear through
and I could never ask that of you
or say what you have is a sort of blossom
that unfurls gently against my window
and feels at home and transforms sunlight
and migrates slowly into my bloodstream
or maybe you have an ancient swan
you found one day
you named him Neptune
you fed him pancakes
in one of his legs you found a hook
he swims in circles he swims around
he swims into seaweed he doesn't feel it

he swims into other birds they are so mad
the hook gathers algae and fish live and die
the hook gathers magic and death attracts magic
and you feed the swan pancakes and you feed him
at night and you feed him the flower you pick from your vine
you want me to try feeding Neptune the flower
but that's something I don't really want in my life
it might need help it might need my help
it might need my fern it might need my body
it might need me to show it how to die
I can't find my field guide anywhere
I love everyone in my dream life
the way I have shaped them from nothing
and given them all of my chances
I don't have to say this forever
but they're on my side and it's good for them
if you are sitting somewhere folded
and I'm sitting north of there unbound
I mean all the thoughts that I send to you
I mean all the letters are ransom
and I do want to know you somehow
not properly in front of reason
with reason watching with boring reason
but in the land of streetlights
that go out above me
I want to earn your beautiful face
I want to smash my fingernail in your heart
and take you everywhere I like to go
and take you home and be undressed
I am trying so hard to hear my field guide
but it keeps forgetting the song in its head
it keeps getting stuck in obsidian mirrors

it keeps embroidering flightless birds
it keeps a lot of doubt inside it
if I try I can be good at outfits
if I try I can leave this alone
and go on to fumble for matches
because I need to ignite my field guide
I need to get out of these brambles
in moments I am scared I need angels
voices break my vision voices tilt me
voices make me feel like I don't know things
but I know when a moon is exalted
I know when one thing is fixed
and one thing is square and one thing is a kite
and the planets are on top of each other
and one thing is missing in heaven
and midnight is recalled in saltwater
and midnight is circled by Neptune
and your eyelids are midnight's gift to me

(COPY)

Jerimee Bloemeke

Contemporary black parka sleeves reveal white hand holding
Dasani. Womanly face expression moves forward from cab
Backseat. Cooling apparatus ducts jut in two sizes and materi-
Als. (Hope) Thin boy sprints the street by ladders, torn tarps,
And plastic barrels. Hazy cloud startles star larger and brighter
Than other stars over a dark island. (Legitimized haiku) Wom-
An crossing the street frowns in blue sandals, with brown purse.
Afternoons, speaking at the wood market with a man. Head-
Lights coopted species' eye intricacies. Moving truck hangers-
On hold on to what they can. Bearded man in casual women's
Wear loves NY. Clientele of generic, low-cost gym mimic heal-
Th textbook figures. One hand slits, with thin blade, shark, spil-
Ling its guts in sand—the second holds down what remains. Cal-
Vin Klein billboard model (envy) surveys compromised Manhat-
Tan street traffic. In its "habitat," pensive toucan considers torn
Baguette and sliced fruit wedges still in dish. Two sheep advan-
Ce on asphalt as one. Scaffolding denotes routine maintenance,
Upgrade, or repair. Gaping fowl and unused, ramshackle cross-
Hatch hut populate nice beach. Serengeti-type landscape savan-
Nah is scattered with numerous indigenous flora, midday. Over-
Size PVC gutter redirects unwanted water into sewer grates dap-
Pled with damp pink petals and wilted receipt. In public square,
Where zone "Ends," and HD ads advertise in an architecturally
Creative manner, teenage boy checks his phone. Satellites perso-
Nify rooftops and balconies. High altitude aerial views either co-
MPLICATE or simplify ground's infrastructure layout. No better than
Twelve individual men stand around in Staff Accommodation
Building lot. (Standing around) Nondescript dance students size

Themselves up. Banal tools, such as Phillips-head screwdrivers and Allen wrenches, intermingle with trashed computer towers (manufacturers irrelevant) on studio flooring. Beyond arched, faux windows, firmament/horizon gradient offers interior desert feel. Athlete 19, outfitted in indigo runners' bikini, stretches in her lane, Gets pumped. Wet tarmac is covered in planes. Poster screens transmit imagery into stainless, paneled escalator corridor. Cell phone Accessories packaged in plastic baggies hooked onto rotatable spindle display...display case houses "China Phones" accented with Miniature fake flower pots. Mysterious 4-door Mercedes rests in Extreme, war-torn dust, left backseat window busted out, clearly Abandoned. (Choices were made) The concrete mixing truck is Marginally capable of reacting to its own breath as it runs. High-Resolution waterfall particles pulsate with exotic tendency. Urban Discontinuity (in nine inert instances) renders sidewalk rug beds and curtain blankets curatorial fodder. Man content crouches in field Of his choosing the horse grazing before him chose, as well, for Such proximities. Shorn of convenience, subjects nevertheless persist in their acts of moving commerce. Ski vacation memories penetrate the mother's unconscious as she drops her young daughter, Fashionable in rhinestone Chuck Taylors, off... In the operating room, Calipers evince 'cute.' Talkative man requires two phones, but the Silent bathe in the open. (We're watching you) Root system eclipses Natural light artificial light replaces. Staff presses into dirt. (Impressive) Hotel room, ideal for catching favorite programs and admiring The work and crimes of others, is suggestive of inimitable action. The investigated shroud themselves with jacket, shirt, backpack, And pants. Spinal pillars support McDonald's penthouse. Countless Wanderers mingle in the rocks; hold umbrellas, seed bags, and throats. Under-construction gateway to "Rest of World" passport check Slopes downward. (A slippery slope) Night youths in square play Checkers while at-rest adults recline, almost asleep. (Peaceful) Gen-

Tlemen's club neon signs claim the presence of Girls Girls Girls. Pro-Duce situated in museumsque installations fascinates discerning Patrons of the upscale marketplace. Train passenger secures lap belt, Watching distance out window. Sky-high clouds contain a light within Them. Over a hundred-something chicken eggs tower skyward in Refrigeration chambers simultaneously, but protesting activists, having Vowed to work together, do not notice the Photoshopped-in chicken Egg bursting over Paris. (It's the real world) Shimmering foil wreaths Decorate new car showroom marble wall. Man formerly stabbed ref-Uses to wear shirt. Everything must "go"—the superstore is going Out of business. Life finds a way on the windowsill. (Houseplants) Driver planned his garb to match his car exactly. (Fuchsia) Men find Particular balconies comfortable places to siesta. Leaves obscure the Naked man's ass. (Leaves lead interesting lives) No one tells as much. (Confession) (Empty) plastic water bottle is distinguished from fire-Wood bundle balanced atop woman's head. Laborers dig into shady Walkway. (Working hard or hardly working) King crab, recently Boiled and torn apart, provides common housefly pleasant environs To continue its daily routine. Housing development construction is on Hiatus for the time being. Fronds fell over each other a certain way They stand. Man texts, jug on his head. Man steps from school bus em-Emergency exit holding sandbag. Girls smile together at mobile phone. Stars are, over the sea, tired of themselves. Magazines are perused. Man caught in back of convenience store freezers. Small monkey, un-Hidden in tall tree, gets a grip. (It's in his/her nature) Meat fibers torn From bone rot. The HIV "Positive" are blasé. Flowers have disease in Their mouths. Is that the warzone down there? The people are not in Their tents. Immaculate desk space . . . Backlit fitness billboard enacts How to stretch in attire. Baby sleeps soundly in unsafe situation. Shan-Ty materials are culled from unknown sources. Copier copies nothing, At the moment. (Reach your potential) Collective Jerusalem loses its

Imagination. Fisherman lifts dangling dead purple squid, also scratched.
Rubbery bull investigates grass growing green under concrete wall
Billed to hell. Styrofoam does its part, as makeshift insulation, in favela
Shack wall. (Resourceful, DIY life hack) Incomplete “Urban Village Li-
Ving” encourages one to “register interest online.” Crop shills Syngenta.
(Crop ads) Skin traffics. Further regions of silver blackout prescription
Flag. The sublime expanse finds itself. (Coming of age) (Come on down)

~SHARD~

Ikea EXPEDIT shelving edges
Permeate wisps or like the edges
Of horizon mirages, e.g. *high gloss*
Surfaces reflect light and give a vibrant look.

Like faint, classic rock
Or the mini laptop marble
Is the feeling of disparate genres
Or the feeling of these object edges
Which color the periphery
With a visionary ink gone dry

The warehouse exclaims its silence.
The warehouse titles itself
WE BUY HOUSES & BUILDINGS.
The warehouse subtitles itself
The Scare of the Wait

Afraid not to move like me
I am ever the guest of my host.
Some parasitic overnighter
With his teeth ensconced
In metaphysical necks
With his drinking and taking shits
Indoors 'til his host's off at six
Like a one-third devil time

Like lingering amounts of hours
With X eating yoga franks
Contemplating subway stop Koran ads

Obliquely defending 9/11
Remembering what's underneath
The pullout and tiger hide duvet.
Sober complaints, truth be told.
Much less, one is passing out hard

Tearing his Joe Boxers to shreds
Dabbing jizz with paper towel hearts
As if the unborn millions require love (however shaped)
The same way the billion born do.
The same way it can be seen on her face
Her expression as it is wiped off
By another generation into deletion

By that civilization into cynical irony (!)
Hating me because I am with two blondes
Not because I danced with one of them sloppy
Or spilled my white 'til I was ejected
With the one who says no when asked.

The one who says something else
Says we will never be like that.
It's too late for us that used to be us.
12-storey paintings of inexplicable forms
Primarily torn from youth
Like disinterested cacti
In ski masks flexing biceps
Applying to ourselves
Purple Sephora lip-gloss.

We have seen us do that.

"I have seen myself do this."

BOXES CURTAINS INVISIBLE PRODUCT HUNGER CARTON

Lesle Lewis

Citrus mystical team guy slight dust
Elegant library mystic seventy eye pumpkin
Noon limit Caspian pollination mineral milk
Lake inn wedding coaster plaster melon
Ground Florence field wave cream heavy
Pond dollop absorb foam apothecary pistachio
Freeze violet ethereal verandah gargoyle siren
Sugar market break clear trim queen
Fern old ballet pine chalk blush
Cusp tame yacht magnet baseboard chrome
Stripe condition froth scoop haze transformation
Ground pear porthole tobacco cake zero
Apple bone clutter cigar south ceiling
Pearl cedar straw lamb winter powder
Lattice pollen edge Brazil linen undertow
Thigh crazy navy finish glide trooper

PARROT TULIP GROUND ORIENTAL TAFFY IRIS

Lime Prussian Venetian smashing French perfect
Wave mighty electric morning Utah royal
Windmill pale wings crocus colonial rose
Oyster silken fog reef borrowed glow
Glory ink slipper bath sheep pavilion
Seed pocket string splash mushroom hollow
Hound bamboo creek board cement rain
Down butter pipe stone bird evening
Sassy puddle middle floor master bound
Vacation carpet yolk air bucket leather
Caper closet bottle path leaf barn
Daytime cream ladybug landscape eggshell carry
Olive ice cooks chalk hardware younger
Mud nickel mint pine escapement turtle
Treatment clapboard uplift breakfast smoke flannel
Tint peacock spring booth camel robin
Moss mood crest blanch flesh faith
Camera cold grain thousand boat hut

Tissue infant raspberry sunflower water slate
Guest horse pressure Jamaica earring omelet
Shoulder departure afternoon wall syrup nail
Neutral ruby steak lipstick alarm bracket
Paprika candle lattice cool trick park
Polish honey dark missy coat blaze
Buff tea tone ash scarf block
English mess carbon stripe drink lamp
Underline east brush enamel attitudes
Vintage skipper angel milk interior relay
Flour both mute shower fabric function
Shine mahogany law bath gimmick oil
Dry Florida reproduce care wool mustard
Exterior guest glass key snap sex
Ache walnut linen cactus coral apparition
Shade tender kind particular foot envelope
World napkin fear shard box pastry
Alligator yam brass hip distinguish chutney
Jump giraffe architecture expedition carnation pepper

ON DESCRIPTION: AN ESSAY

Lucy Ives

1. Speculation:

We might think of description as the suppression of distance, since it brings that which is not present near.

Language, meanwhile, counterfeits presence. (One thinks of Gide's *Les faux-monnayeurs*.)

Thus: It matters *which* language you use, whether it is “washed,” how prepared. The extent and location of your vocabulary. The eye remains fixed within the face and yet certain entities entice it, the anticipation of skin, something sinks in cloudy liquid. Temperature is so important in description, or that one object may hide another, at least in part.

It is possible we mortals feel solidarity with literary “objects,” in that these carry in themselves their own negation. Nothing participates in literature in permanence.

2. Speculation:

Recall that the normalization of text also requires removal of excess description. This removal is usually undertaken in order to prevent language from announcing itself as: 1. mere *words*, and 2. boredom.

A normal text allows for the regular appearance and disappearance of items, stuff, as per a plot. Elsewhere, in certain strange books, time does not pass; for eons, the same clean bone held aloft gleams. Normally, description is a brief act accompanied by an undoing. Writing often speaks both of its effect and non-effect. This is the difference between truth and realness as far as description is concerned.

A. *Proposition:*

Description is not an invention of modernity.

3. *Speculation:*

The verb “to be” could introduce all description. Yet, in description any suggestion of presence is always allied with what is not. “X” *is*, but only in a limited sense. For it is not just the products of the mind’s eye that are ephemeral, but also the particulars of history which, to have been, have also had to fade away.

Is description, paradoxically, the notation of an absence? Perhaps it is paranoid to think so. And yet, so much of what appears in description is given with an eye to reduction, that it be rendered more specific, nearly *removed*, even; that it is not just any cloth, nor just any green, nor merely glistening.

This is the *thetic*, a word one rarely sees and which seems, curiously, to begin with English’s definite article. As Wallace Stevens wrote, “the the.”

I sense a softening related to what may or cannot be, that which yet must be postulated (the excluded, the contestable), the weird light of the subjunctive. In a game one might describe in great detail the non-existence of some thing. One might also engage in an excess of description, in an exercise of description in which some particulars contradict others. One might also describe something which was not there but which one could have seen.

B. *Proposition:*

The physical world has indomitable reality.

4. *Speculation:*

There is a strange excitement related to mimesis. I have tried to describe this excitement to myself several times. Others speak of verisimilitude or recognition. I would find it normal to focus on some semantic element, on a letter or grammar; precise attachments to a word. But perhaps this is only a fantasy about the usefulness of writing, of the limited usefulness of writing. This is the proverbial “quality” of my own lux reference: a specific ennui.

5. *Speculation:*

Description may be a philological form. Description is recovery, research. Also: the pleasure of a kind of deconsecrated reading...

C. *Proposition:*

Description creates, connotes narrative hierarchies. To begin with: “Charles meets Emma” inevitably leads to a description of Emma.

D. *Proposition:*

Description is a philosophical substance.

6. *Speculation:*

Overwriting is the error of the beginner, since there is a limit to the event of anything. Looking already moves specifically. Take care.

Yet it is a quest for specificity that begins our looking, the offer of it, the promise of a difference . . .

(Stein)

The other day I thought to myself, "Perhaps it makes sense to say that as I was sitting here, out of the corner of my eye I saw death scampering over the landscape." I thought that I would write this sentence down. I thought that I should sit down and try to describe something. I could write the description of a book, a description of someone reading. "You," reading these words.

7. *Speculation:*

Is description a work of definition.

Imagine some stories, for example, written without words to be read, written with blanks in them, into which phrases, lines, and words are to be inserted.

Yet everyone wants government. This is my fear.

8. *Speculation:*

In the foreground there are reeds—long blades that shake; closed blossoms; and now a shelf of cloud, under which pale orange.

I write in a notebook, "I was just whistling."

9. *Speculation:*

If you think about it, perhaps the only time you have realized that you were reading was when you believed that you were looking. You thought: I am looking at this. You felt certain that something is before you. It is as E.S. says in her strange book on description: Flowers, or anything the size of a closed fist, are most easily beheld by the mind's eye.

And yet this has nothing to do with size and so much to do with variation. As when I was told to look for the slick white edge of a black hair.

No one has been able to explain to me sufficiently the power of description.

10. Speculation:

The story of painting: Is it a work of reproduction, or is it a gesture of obedience? One does what is fitting? It is like touching a length of thread: It is real, continues. Something holds me in its grip, is a daze to which I add words.

A beautiful day.

I'm not describing anything.

11. Speculation:

Description is excursion.

By describing you are saying this is not enough.

The shadow of a chimney looks like the head of a woman.

I don't, in fact, know how one arrives, from here, at the new.

How is any type of specificity different from the new, what is new.

Description is a philosophical substance.

It is also a matter of schools.

I do not mean this in the sense of, "problem."

It is an instructive density.

12. Speculation:

Is description only a series of tricks about recognition?

I remember having read somewhere the phrase, “the triumph of real sympathy”—and then, another fragment, “without actually being in these circumstances.” (I set the notebook down.)

Now some time has passed and on the phone a friend and I discuss twins. He says, “One twin might have a freckle.”

I say, “It seems that when two things are supposed to be identical, or unusually similar, though they’re different, we will want to find out which of them is the original, even if this doesn’t really make sense.”

Or perhaps he is the one who said these words.

13. *Speculation:*

A scene: “Robert is awake. He stands up.” The beginning of a scene. Look at his arm. Tell us what you see so that we may know that you are looking at his arm.

I believe that this is not merely an essay about reading, since description is also a period of time during which an author anticipates (believes in the idea of) a reader.

14. *Speculation:*

If a word does not do work, or if it should obscure rather than (in painting) reveal, then I will not use that word.

Definition may be the regime that accompanies description. Definition hovers over description. It is my own plan, yet I submit . . .

15. *Speculation:*

No one can tell you when exactly description is happening. Is it happening

in the relation of visual detail? Is it happening when I tell you a man is running? When I tell you that he is "far"? Yes, of course, but there must be some degrees.

Why should description have degrees?

In engaging in description, how and where do I experience necessity?

E. Proposition

The mind freed from reason is full of pictures.

Bibliography:

Alain Robbe-Grillet, *Pour un nouveau roman*

Aristotle, *Poetics*

Boethius, *The Consolations of Philosophy*

Elaine Scarry, *Dreaming by the Book*

Gertrude Stein, *Lectures in America*

Lisa Robertson, *The Apothecary*

Lyn Hejinian, *The Language of Inquiry*

Marcel Proust, *On Reading Ruskin*

Raymond Roussel, *La vue*

Wolfgang Metzger, *Laws of Seeing*

Zachary German, *Eat When You Feel Sad*

QUESTIONS

Mark Leidner

Is there a constant permanent piercing shriek
produced by the stars that whatever mechanism
lies between the ears of all living things
has evolved to think is silence?

Or has the mechanism that lies between the ears
evolved to interpret the sound produced by the stars
as silence because the sound is a melody
of such hypnotizing prettiness that if heard
t'would neutralize all reason and desire?

Or is whatever the sound is
that the stars make, in all its beauty and / or
annoyingness, simply insulated from us
by this seemingly empty straightjacket of light years?

Is the nose the penis of the face?
And if so, are the nostrils its testicles?
Or is the tongue the penis of the face?
And are the eyes the testicles?
Or are, as Sophia Le Fraga says,
the eyes the nipples of the face?
Are the nostrils not like tiny, awkward nipples, too?
Not the holes themselves, but the awnings
the nose covers the nostrils with?
Indeed, on some, the high cheek bones
could be said to resemble aureoles.
Are not the irises the aureoles

and the pupils the nipples of the face?
Or are the eyes in general the nipples of the face,
but the pupils the nipples of the eyes?
And the irises are the aureoles of the eyes?
And what of the ears? Very spread apart testicles?
Merely nostrils for sound? Eyes for sound?
Are not the ears the eyes of sound?
Do we not speak into them when we mean to be heard
the way we look into eyes when we mean to be meant?

What if the five senses are all fourth walls?

What if we're in a war between the present and the future,
and we've all been sent back from the future
and are currently behind enemy lines
but have lost our memories of the future in the transfer?

What if since primordial times, certain columns of open air were predestined to become elevator shafts?

Will one day men live in other things? And mock current men as mere
"house men"
the way we so openly mock "cave men" now?

What kind of speeches does picturing yourself naked while giving improve
the delivery of?

What if the stigmas against things you don't do hold the illusion of who
you are in?

What if heaven is below the surface, and hell is the one way up above
everything?

SLOW MOTION

Riverboats in slow motion.
Cars towed in slow motion.
Snow melting in slow motion.
Swing dancing in slow motion.
Voting in slow motion.
Sleeping in slow motion
Emptiness filling in in slow motion.
Being pounded into ignominy in slow motion.
Steeple being reshingled in slow motion.
Clouds casting shadows on hills in slow motion.
Restoring old movies in slow motion.
Starlings in slow motion.
Busses in slow motion.
Cereal aisles moved down in slow motion.
Slow motion lovemaking.
Slow motion betrayal.
Slow motion quilting.
The slow motion passage of time between holidays.
The slow motion descent of new lovers into each others' histories.
Tree houses weathering in slow motion.
A real world wrecking ball's demolition of a dream in slow motion.
Slow motion bank teller transactions.
Finding zen in slow motion.

The undulating spear of a fifty foot flamethrower piercing a fortification
in slow motion.

Floodwaters obliterating boutiques in slow motion.

Falling out of a moving train in slow motion.

The sun revolving in slow motion.

Tripping as you walk onstage to accept an award in slow motion.

Abandoning obsolete ideologies in slow motion.

Seven-year-olds turning on each other in slow motion.

Slow motion dream-mumbling, "Asteroids are just space joggers, man."

Making faces in slow motion.

Dismantling a movie set in slow motion.

Passing an accident in slow motion.

A heron standing still in a marsh at dawn in slow motion.

Slow motion calming down.

Slow motion cleaning.

Slow motion differentiation.

ELEVENTH PLEASANTRY

John Ashbery

Once the giant tickler is out of your system
its equipment equivalent will be brought to you.
Use it for goatseed.

Two solutions:
plagiarizes his own authors. For shame!
Dopey music all the time.

All those don't render the house unresonant.
Do what I can
in this unsuccessful world.

Don't smile that way.

CHINESE FIRE DRILL

OK I said it. Sarabande. A dance no one dances any more. Except maybe in heaven, where they don't have better things to do. These clucks behind a fence . . . Now, of course, I'll have passed it on differently. They're here, instead of just wondering what they're doing. Gotta keep the red onion.

You move a lot in a cab. Not to stand up and eat their community. A few scheduling disasters later the daughters came down to lift us off the shore. We were branded with the name Lot. The waves beat them to it. We renounced our offshore inheritance. Oh, what difference does it make when the most mutable among us augment the mystery beyond all proportion, so as to accept the thanks that ingratitude inevitably trails in its wake. For whatever reason.

YOU CAN AFFORD IT

Was it a case of old museum fingers grinding?
They bought me a ticket chewed over like grass.
Local pee advocates push retail bundle.
Boss . . . now let us . . . embrace. Dear Penitence
shows signs of becoming a complicated mess.

Please stop talking about me
or refuse to even accept something as brave,
an even bigger issue:
A defanged cat drooled on my shoulder
or later presumed to have died
or something. Don't worry about that.
Compared to the home state,
the boneward drift,
Hell *is* for sissies.
And then it was just animals
and be replaced by something else—
egg-wash, statues of limitations.

ANACHRONISTIC FRIEZE

Paige Taggart

I.

An image begins fuzzy, is shaken clearer. When propelled into space it is a reminder that we have been here for this exact moment. A moment reflecting lasting proof. Accompanied by idealism and by modes of thinking about what it means to be in the world, and a lack of apprehension about how you can come to feel comfortable and more than complacent. About dealing with the human struggle to bond an external world, with an internal world. The relative thinking and adjusting of self between boundaries and criteria that allow for more surprise than methodology. To dismiss absolutes, god, higher-powers, while still inexplicably being linked to an outside force. The heightened state-of-clarity reached when absolving self and giving-in to an incredibly powerful unconscious. The abstract, emotional pursuit of drawing on every life force and bringing it together in a state of words. Creating the visual with words and letting them be the largest valve to express the complex issues of the world. Communities nesting within environments, environments being changed due to this sedentary settlement. The effects of land versus animals versus man. Where man and animal come together, the power of sublimity. How uprooting yourself flings you into a land of mystery and public effacement. The ability for the mind to move and transform thoughts over time, all the while building this isotropic hybrid and nexus apart from a tangible division of spontaneity. The rapture that occurs between love and loss of love, between bodies completing their instinctual likelihood but volunteering to exceed such dichotomies. Setting out for an array of possibilities, musicality, freedom in verse, and then within these frames creating new rules and guidelines to follow, and break and redeem self through the economy of language.

Little lemon outlasts sentiments on round spiral table of youth. A burnt ember sky turns your neck to gold and you fall for the red kite that is burning down. Here to be again would be to be before and dishware mounting-up succumbs to the agency of collector. Give back the trash to the trash man, and come reinstate your day's plan. Whoever it is, that is you, stares directly back into the old feeling. You melt down each embryonic flow of blanket smell burning and come again to say it's a lovely thing. I shook out my hand of sorrow, my hand fell off, and it broke tomorrow. It dropped a letter too, in the snow, the letter stated, *oh well tomorrow it will grow*. The letter grew off its own tree, became a branch, my arm grew back, a branded version, I was like cow? It was a longer extension of a pattern that I had previously taken for granted. One that judged me and defaced the vision of keeping responsibility at pen-person's length.

3.

my venerable
chatterbox
incline
could drive
out cortex
sphere of lash
o'clock
past hunger
leg mountain
to ready bash
the invert of
you oppose
smelling
detergent
drop laun-
dry off
dry down
the decaled
fade to box
open cage
cast sample
could the
meaning
be made
without
finally
drown
dirty
inch-by-
inch
love
guts

Two thin merchants were selling holographic decals of their skirts on fire
A quarter for the marking to make you talk like that
All marking the spots with x-y-z in the cobblestone for historical implants
He talked with a chain attached to a clock
Cloaked her legs with a handmade scarf
And the decals sold quickly like lemon tarts!
The officer got down off his horse and asked for a vendor's license
Oh no they cried in spasmodic disarray
They hadn't contributed any monetary entry fees
Only coerced documents behind closed doors for secret breeching of
capitalistic gain
But their summers fell a soft bloom
And nobody would put them behind bars
Only holograms shown hoops of fire would be removed from the windows
In fall the apple trees reflecting off the leaves still shone more for free
And mortified the merchants who would no longer assimilate

If love made the inversion on the Pleiades Mountain and stuck by me, the winter would widen, a thick neck rolled wardrobe, to gelatin the cold and create an ember inside to ride anew through operatic lushes, your lids closed heavy, in song, if to microphone the weekly broadcast until the tuner moves your inners, then you are listening to something real. Could you carry real heavy thoughts? The propelling ribbons of time, where it costs you more to sheep my tongue than call your father android political pop-up with thick french toast for breakfast to ghost your holiday visit home. I in a diet of data circulate ever so clearly in the California whirlpool of mercedes and marijuana to cling onto the garage and its smell. I haven't eaten an artichoke since being an east coast resident, so it's been maybe 8 years, my sea legs are totally island Brooklyn. Where redundancy is auto-shame corrected to believe that this by all means wraps a planetary future of umbrellas and willpower, left to soak in the gutters. I cry for all the lies to seizure on New York's radio lab where the flag hiccups hysterically to classical adulterer, rent increase, and the beast who thwacks the heat, for instructions on the radiator look, if deep, dig. Tropic wind tickets are for purchase; might I advise you to select one so that you can army crawl to a more habitual structure, even if unwound would seize to mend. I could wear a car coat to a funeral. I'm in the habit of digression, and overcoat the black liquid eyeliner with prairie color lavender and deep hay yellow shadow as a virtual reminder that I have sprung full garden on western soil and that I don't bother to remedy my New York condition. It's pertinent destruction and that soul gagging is ripping graffiti through my chest and terrorizing my interior till I can renew my possibility in warm chimney smoke in the medical review for lost cause. Could have unwound the season to find the lampshade pulled down over pure artifice pollution, knocked-up, stroke the ego, for more *baby* on the bleached-out carpet where I water jug and presuppose a perfect rib-out! It's the most I could do to afford to try and stay skinny but I couldn't invent the duo-topic manual for last

night's election on remedial artists. They are all trying to pose and be poised, burnt-out strobes of light, cry the wind powered night, for every January it ceases to amaze me that we have come to a new year and that we can harvest chalk outlining bodies, bodies before we can remember to write the correct year! How it's possible to harness on a wardrobe, to a rowboat and will the latitudes gently split-off in unspeakable directions so the whole planet catches a globular cold virus, in Venuses' cave we splash algae on our faces and warn men that we might never come home. It is for remembrance of the virgins that we excel so quickly through life and perhaps for our father's father, who knew no sub-trope and couldn't ever whine. If I march for the book will it be each season inside me and the trees will laugh at their leaves before they fall wayside and we divert to crisscross over them, to hear the crunch and lie aback patio style if the stars seize to encumber home.



TIN CAN READER

Jack Christian

You got me:

My Intimate Address, My New Work,
Eponymously Titled Wayfaring Propulsion, No. 103,

Creek with Rapids Whitened, An Historic Valentine Motel,
Bennington's Obelisk, Flower Bridge and Drain,

Formal Accuser, Paycheck Multiplier Code Schism,
Swampwater II, And Selected Paraphernalia,

Naturalized Story Circle Repeats Itself,
Codified Longing, Meander Toward,

Wolf Counter, Bicycle Giver, Loaded Self Plus Self,

The Small S, Listener's Tale, Autotuned Abbreviated
Gospel Implication,

Three Dollars Gathered Near, Jack Frost and the Bonfires,
The Siiri Fowlers,

Oh Sleeved Forearm!
Or, Crooked Lamp!

What Now Labyrinth? And Who Printed Sofa?
And I of Plastic Chair, Sunken Living Room Can Museum,

Old Car Display Floor Contrafaction, Qualities of Shutness,
Cell Ripple, Mask of the Gaze Away,

Tourists' Chance, Artery Theory, Documented Hanging Plant,

These the Compiled, Side-Molded Only Mouthed,
Beard Mimic, Snowball's Worth, Grove of Garbed Fortresses,

A Primer for Proper Coinage

DRONE

for Malalai Kakar & Malala Yousafzai

Laurie Saurborn Young

Trucks on the road
haul pieces of a factory

to the factory.
Past grey-white

sails on an ice
blue bay.

Past a dog wearing
her face all day.

*

With a linen
towel of Tang-bright

fish I dry
three singing bowls.

Thinking of among
other things, the loss of three

million trees over
last summer's vacation.

*

Reclining girl on the side-
walk thinks: sky.

Thinks if men are kings
here, a rose is a rose

is Arose Street, which we cross.

*

Last night I danced
with the blonde while

around us you loped,
fake-barking at the stars.

Soft & august, the cool
moon spilling down

onto a neighbor's drive.

*

Meanwhile, women bear
men who send

trucks on roads to haul
pieces of a factory to the factory

until July is too
cold for wisteria to bloom.

*

Dumbass in sunglasses
interviewing a survivor

says I hear you
made a quick recovery.

She sighs
deeply; a door

swings open.

*

Into paper
mills and plastics.

Into fertilizers, scenting the breeze.
Men are kings here

so explain how teak
weathers until it glows.

Say how rock
oil and whale

were first hunted,
lit and burned.

*

Six months since last
I talked to Layla who

driving the truck
wears a muddy

ribbon in her hair.
Marigolds in summer—

their small crowded
faces echo fire.

*

Among people, the girl
shot in her head by men

hidden among
other men. Having lost

her dog she becomes
invisible to dogs.

*

An owl flies into
my mouth, my hands
fly into the sun.

*

Chain of time send
word of the next
exception, bomber, rose.
Speak of the remote
travesty of white
caps. Of yellow
helicopters in the sky.

MY WIG

Bryan Beck

A normal wig, like any
you might salvage from the corpse
of a Revolutionary general,
well suited for formal evenings
or just being out and
about on the town. In the world of wigs
there are two types: doers
and teachers,
both of whom will die
terrible deaths, utterly alone.

When a new wig comes into fashion
all practitioners of the old style
are promptly executed
and pillared in a mass grave, their
bald heads left exposed
for sixteen moon nights, the lifetime
of an average horse.

Ancient lore tells how

the Wigs built elaborate rock structures
in the shapes of forgotten
predators and bulbous female
genitalia. Their gods were a race
of rudimentary cosmonauts, the original
planters of the maple tree.

Now let us attempt
to describe the maple, the
mighty maple astride the lawn.
Before the maple all
other trees
are driven to abstraction. Oak, pine,
dogwood, birch cannot face
the maple unscathed.
As far as the maple extends up and out
towards the cosmos, so equally
does it bury itself
in the earth, the nature
of the maple being to reach
in all directions.
The inner voice of the maple

is one thousand demons. Lovers
of high rot, blue makers
of dread, the demons
worship no sun. The demons pluck the chair
from the tree
exactly
and burn it for no one. They march into town clad
in baroque wigs
and conspicuous Sunday attire
urging us to sally forth:
Spring is here
and we must hurry out
and pretend to care about
the names of flowers.

GAMAAD

Sara Deniz Akant

to give it all up to the
soundless, winter. to
embrace the rocks
that push in from
the edge.

send out tentacle sadness
or go chucking instead.

glass nymphs who
are singing. glass nymphs
who are singing. we could
think of nothing better
at the center. at our end.

the spell lay perhaps
in the way-up,
woods. in the miles
of worming
gamaads into the bed.

so rest easy. if only we
– falconer – could.
the next rose decides to
spread wild,
if it would.

GAMMADIN

the rollings changed, gone
as soon as they came to
conceal, dense trees.

so often the case in our dreams.

there seemed no end to these dimless
woods : immense, in-hammered,
in solid-start : in gammadin, we stood.

MOCK HEROIC

Gibson Fay-LeBlanc

I knew a girl who came
from a castle of a home

in Cartagena: trust fund,
no one had laid a hand

on her. All they did, all,
each night at bed, was tell

her to keep who she was
locked inside her seas

so no one would see it.
Granite terror of that

secret. Wild horse eyes
in the night. It's so easy

to make broken people.
I watch my boys mop all

the syrup with syrup
vehicles. How can I stop

them from fearing (you know
you can't make someone know)

their own pale underparts,
their own ladderless hearts?

ARS POETICA

A poet who once was young and needed a start—
this before his name became a name's name—
who was out of fashion, despairing, yet still
delighted by two crocus blooms gone purple
and closed against a bone-deep wind—like me
he looked to worn-hard things: ax, handle, face:
unrhymed things that see little but wood
to stack, a trinity of muscle, should
and want for order amid a blown waste
of branches scattered over fields, a sea
of stumps, sticks and limbs hiding a marble
palace—said, “Paper and time form a mill-
stone turned by the opposite of fame
and tell you all there is to know of art.”

from WATERS: A LENTEN POEM

Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy waterfalls:

All thy waves and thy billows are gone over me.

—Psalm 42:7

Sasha Steensen

I.

if found in water
wash

not a spot
on the forehead

goes
unnoticed

by woe

nor a toe
unbroken

the language
of devotion

flexible as bone

a small vessel
with one small

hole

never
overflows

3.

I go by goat
through the mountain

lion's mouth

there is no
paradise

dearer

nor further
from home

than one's own

I will boil your hooves
strengthen my bones
rest upon your coat

I will be so gentle-tender
as to shoe your foot

I forsook only
one body

my own

4.

I reach out
my hand
& inside
your mouth
thirsty

find
thought
that cannot
exhaust

find
the gulf weed
no one
believed

only water can coil
into a shell
only water waits
wades out to the pool to greet me

15.

forsythia so early
before
a season

breeds anxiety

shows its
oleaceous heart

to be
full of bees

you misheard me
it wasn't ideal
I said
but idea
in its endlessness

I've been thinking
for several hours now

& for several hours before that
I worked through what to do
once the thinking was done

CLOUDS

Jesse Nathan

Prayer is the birds'
bellies glowing
underlit by a great city
as they go by overhead

Absence of prayer
is the hours passing

Mr. President,

What will end
our sadness?

The land
that we live in
is hidden,
oaks,

The land
that we love in
does not exist,
pigeons,

bring your
heart down
from your
mouth

Know only
we will have perfect moments,
chairs,

Windows in the night
open

Joy
winning a struggle
for our dreams, roofs,

to stand
against the time
when in sleep
we see we see
ourselves alone
out of time
in strange crowds,
dogs

What will end
our sadness?

The hours passing?

Blow out the sun!
Blow out the moon!
Only the dog
is a pure work of God!

ROOT SYSTEMS OF NARRATIVE: A SÉANCE

Andrea Rexilius

I like rusted textures, knots, tangled lines, elbows, crosshairs, weathering. I have been gathering things for a long time. When I was a child we lived near a railroad track and a river. I gathered railroad spikes. I remember looking for the discolored ones, the ones with spots of oil or scratches or paint on them. I didn't like the solid ones or the new ones. I put them in a bucket on the front porch next to an aquarium of tadpoles from the river. I like machinery and organism. I look for both separately or simultaneously in my narrative.

I tend to gather alike things in language. I obsess over an idea or a term or an image and use it over and over again in a variety of contexts. Images are cumulative or regenerative. They have to be allowed to exist in almost every context before we can pretend to know anything about them. I find I have to use my body in order to write well. I go for a walk first and gather things and pretend to be a diorama. Then words conduct themselves. If I don't go for a walk first, I gather things from books. I move through books the same way I move through walks. I turn to pages and find the field jar. Then I put all of the field jar elements onto a page. Then I cut and paste them. I have to trust my first instinct or there is a massacre. I have tried many times to undo a massacre. Everyone knows things are hacked up and put back together when that happens. They sense a murder has occurred and are uncomfortable.

I find things when the shift occurs, when it doesn't I am just going for a walk. I know the shift when I begin to see the world as more colorful. It is sort of like the difference between visiting a place and living in it. Sometimes you are at a remove from a landscape, just moving through it, looking at it. Other times it permeates you. You are more like a child in it. I am never actively "looking" for things. I am observing and waiting for them to show up. I am finding something that looks like it has been placed there, like it is also waiting for me to notice it. It is also about detail. About finding something small, something that gathers its own weight when you lift it out of context. This is the difference between "good" narrative and "garbage." If you pick something up and it looks like garbage when you are holding it, it probably is garbage. If it looks like something else, something in addition to what it looked like on the ground, it is narrative.

A field jar is a collection or an installation of the day's findings. On certain walks I'll notice I'm finding the same shades of green or yellow again and again. These colors begin to be what I am waiting for. I walk around and many of them show up on the path I chose. I put them in my pocket. As soon as I get home I put them, in the order they are removed from my pocket, into a mason jar. I don't arrange them. I drop them in and allow them to arrange themselves. Whenever I have tried to arrange them, they begin to resemble "trash" instead of "narrative." They have to assemble themselves.

I point to the ground a lot. This is a way of recognizing where things are without touching them. The things that are pointed to usually cannot be picked up. They are shadows or circumstances, or ground installations. Things that would not fit in a pocket or that are wet or slimy or too cumbersome to carry. They are also things that are only good in context. If they were lifted out something would be lost. The grass or dirt or water or whatever texture or color surrounds them must also remain. I am very good at holding still, both on the inside and the outside. I practiced meditating by staring at the radiator when I was a child. There is a recording of me (a sound recording) where my mother is saying my name over and over and I don't answer. I don't seem to hear her. Finally she comes into the room. She sees me and says in a very quiet, concerned voice, "what are you doing?" I make a small sound, a breath with a vowel attached. She seems annoyed and says, "dinner is ready." For some reason I can hear that recording and remember what I was doing. I would sit in front of the radiator and stare at its legs until the legs moved away from themselves and toward me. That is kind of what I am doing when I look for narrative. I am holding still and waiting for things to move toward me.

Most of the things related to narrative gathering are things that I knew growing up. Both of my grandfathers lived on farms in Southern Illinois. I went for walks at both of their houses and gathered things. I gathered organic things and metallic things. My father is another gatherer. We had a garage full of rusty nails, old bicycle seats with coils that looked like nests, bicycle wheels, large red cabinets full of washers, and screws and wire. He kept rocks, and shells, and paintbrushes. He kept old piano parts. At some point we had just the inside of a piano, a large frame of wood with strings on it and a shelf with the keys. You played it by plucking the exposed strings. He also collected old books, encyclopedias, field guides, books about celestial objects, books about other cultures, books about languages. These things were never particularly present in our family life. My father never talked about these things or why he was attracted to them. Sometimes I suspect he was only attracted to them because I needed to find them. The garage was like a museum. I would spend hours tunneling through it, gathering things, building nests to hide in, reading things, making sculptures. We also had a victrola. I don't think it was ever played while I was growing up, but I have it now. The shape of its cabinet and its arm are familiar to me. The sound it makes is the sound of the objects inside the garage. It is them if they were music. I think that many of my memories are composed of these objects, so I often dream about them.

Dream Number One: Last night I had a dream that we were both scientists of some sort (this is true). You held up little fluffs of cotton and I sang the note they made.

Dream Number Three: Last night I dreamt a narrative. It was in the sky, very low to the ground. It was some kind of large cotton narrative with a dark and large feather entangled in it. There were specks and wisps mixed in as well. I tried to take a photo of it for you. I ran inside the house and when I came back out it had just gone over the roof. I wonder if we could create a re-enactment of a giant sky séance.

Dream Number Four: I used to dream at my childhood home, 368 Hendee St. I was always in some kind of underground-railroad type thing looking for my mother. There was a large front room full of furniture and I would hide there until it was safe to go further into the tunnel. Now that I describe it it seems a bit like an Orpheus dream. I was tiptoeing into the underworld. There was a man who lived two houses over and I think that's where the tunnel led. I went to his house once and he let me into the kitchen. He had piles of things in the house and had to make little passageways so people could move through. I also always dreamt about exploring that house. I feel like I know the whole layout, but I've only ever been in the kitchen, and in the pine-tree in the front yard. My dad sent me some pictures of our house recently that the neighbor took. He types notes on the back of each photo, like he's making a documentary. The back of the photo would say something like: "Here pictured 'Andy' from 368 Hendee in her front yard on a windy fall day."

Dream Idea # 1: Ground Nests. Collect nest-building materials to make little structures on the ground. Make bark and pine cone nests. Stalk some of the nests on sticks to make little trees coming out of the ground. Dig out spaces in the yard for ground nests.

Dream Idea # 2: “I would not think to touch the sky with two arms”

Dream / Non Dream # 1: My dad had a parrot and a Vietnamese mail order bride. The parrot listened to elevator music. I went over one day to find props for a performance. I turned the music off. The parrot said “hello” “hello” “hello,” while I was in a different room. I have always liked birds, but I don’t like parrots. Their voice boxes frighten me. The parrot had a foreign language book open on the table next to it. It was turned to a section about fighting in Vietnamese. I learned the word for *asshole* and *bitch* and *mother fucker*. The parrot learned the same things.

Dream Idea # 4: I want to fill my bicycle basket with milkweed fluff and have you film me riding my bike as all of the fluff flies away and sticks to me and to the camera.



02/27/2008

Michael Comstock

These two guys
since 1993 or so
the Village Voice
podcast dude
says grunge loungey
totally. Drinks too
many this week,
no reading but
rediscovery:
that Smog album.
The one where he wants
to take a child, be of use,
roll right over, go
to sleep continually sink
into and whatever.
Red Apple Falls,
1996, the year
I runner-upped
my city spelling
bee, my picture
in the paper:
a flannel shirt,
a Seaquest DSV
child star hair part.
I lost but I learned
hygiene isn't spelled
like hello, Jean.

TUSSIN DM

The generic
stuff edges
a brain half
off Boom
back of January
senior high
school year
like please recite
last reason
able life

*

Deer
hunted all
wrong, swim
practiced so

slow

*

Required course
Tentative paper
Definite grade
F

*

Accept
ance letter reject
ance sentence

*

5 AM Subaru Bay
of lake almost
done freezing
Almost done
Vomit almost
Keep driving

*

Sandy from Tai
Chi class No
Sandy from Math
No French
Sandy from
France Yes

*

Playlist (Edited):

Spacemen 3
Galaxie 500
~~3 Doors Down~~
Mojave 3
~~Matchbox 20~~
Three Six Mafia

Four Tops

Us 3

Blink 182

Blink 182

*

Purple (Recipe):

3 oz Prometh

azine w/ Codeine

Syrup 6 oz

Soda 1 Jolly

Rancher

*

Mom Dad Sister

Grandpa Grandma

Aunt Friend

Friend Friend

Enemy Friend

Teammate Guidance

Counselor Mascot

(Shark) Girl

friend

IO/II/2007

Do I want to eat this.
Should I read anything
again. Get food from the guy
who calls me boss.
The guy who calls me nothing.
Is that a sunset or pollution or something
coming to kill me.
Wine or beer.
Same shirt twice.
Attempt to talk.
Do I want to eat this.
Do I want to eat this.
Is this a thing to eat.

from FUR & AFTER

Sten Carlson

FOR JULIE

When you come in on a vibration

In strict belted white & leave calm as three-day old wound nothing
Could be better.

There are no old dead (unless you are swimming

Young in a river in your dress pooched loosely across your shoulder
blades) there are no old dead

Friends.

We breathe the same air & Diddy

Mashed-up w. King Lear

Done over as karaoke on a steamer trunk to lyrics cut & pasted from

Tweets about bird dads by Crispin Best

Squatting all up on the mirror

(Decorated w. fairy lights)

Wouldn't even phase you.

Speak

Your piece

Like you would eat an apple core down

Make

It take root with you

& each vibration (“anything can pass before the eyes of the living”) &

make each vibration

Cut into the clay. Like the smell of this ghee thrown

Against the pier

Under arches of upper

Punk crust royalty.

FOR DANA

Appetite

Is no excuse for all this

Political

Economies

Weigh like melty ice cubes

In Chablis

In Jersey

On a shortcake

At the beach.

Come

To the table with questions

Get laid

Make friends

Paint walls

Do whatever

But be a free fucking bird.

Not everybody

Has had them

Lays or friends or meals or paintings or whatever

Can give a little flame in the blackout.

There is a spliff you can hold for a minute
In your mouth
& then the lights come up
Mentor, student, rival, lover, friend,
& then you light it up.

*

This job nonsense
I want to stop
It's—I'm an artist & you owe me
All you society owe me money
To do big paintings on walls of my friends asses & balls & pussies in a
bunch of colors
Actually, it's just how I imagined it would look all up in their second
chakras
Everybody has something in them they want to get out
Bless your hearts
The things I see when I stop eating & smoking & drinking alcohol
Paint it on the wall
The Turd Baby Paradox
Put a bird on it

What you would not

You will now

Surrender.

I used to be able to lift fog

Like dinosaurs in the air asking me for a snack.

Your what hurts?

The voice said

This is

How did this happen

I'm not even on

FOR JOSH

People who can't stand the splatter of commie vomit
Will never understand how magic is anti-capitalist
Won't see why those never to be forgotten tits
Of Zizek (say) in bed will move us to screams of laughter.
Critique (its inner satisfactions of knowingness) isn't the whole thing.
Don't bring us any food today, waiter.
Deliver us no drinks. The human brain in cross section is beautiful like
Cauliflower in a meatshop. Forget us. Give us
A single instance where class resentment doesn't now equal sheer
health.
Strike! Workers ought to love workers
(& do)
Sign cards. Shake hands. Make love. Get arrested.
As Ophelia said
It's
Fennel for you
It's rue for you
It's pansies for positive thinking
It's like stealing
But you don't have to worry about anybody getting fired.

JEW AND I TRAVEL TO THE BEAT OF A DIFFERENT DRUM:

Daniel Khalastchi

The conversion Rabbi takes me to a remodeled Clinique counter and tells me to enjoy the samples. I use the scruffing

lotion, the intense hydrating moisturizer, and after a few minutes of informative blackhead discussion with two

elderly female facial experts, we tweeze my eyebrows and thank everyone for their time. *You look rested*, the Rabbi says as we

situate our gift bags in the trunk of his Lincoln. *You look fierce and assertive and that's going to help when we get*

to Shul. For the rest of the afternoon I'm treated to hand-jobs and head massages. We go to a Russian bath, a suit

fitting, and end the day stripped of our shirts, discussing flattering wet/dry hairstyles with a barbarette we call "Tina." I ask for a hot

shave but the Rabbi shakes his head. *We need to show you have the soul of a carburetor*. *Shaving*, he continues,

is the mark of a man who still has a mother. The Rabbi tells Tina to put the day's services on his tab, and we take

a rough road back to the Synagogue and park. While I futz with the radio, the Rabbi reaches into his breast pocket

and removes a thick manila envelope beating with cash. *Get out*, he says, and I do. He walks me to the

rear exit of the building and positions my body to look naturally negligent. It is hard to stand with my feet facing

each other, but I am assured with great confidence that this is how things must begin. Before he leaves, the Rabbi stuffs

my pants and mouth with fistfuls of money and a Sinatra cassette. *When the ladies come out of Mariv, they will fight*

to see who gets to take you home. But I already have a wife, I mumble through the paper. *These women won't care,* the Rabbi

responds. *They will make you apricot kugle and strong babies and the whole time they'll only be thinking how much*

they are lifting themselves to the lord.

RAVENOUS REGULATORY TRANSITION SONNET:

On horses, we ride along the highway
replacing every wooden telephone
and electrical pole we see with strikingly
similar composite poles that are roughly
seven feet shorter in length. As I chop
away at their bases, using my shoulder
and forefoot to brace against the drawing
weight, you tell me stories of bestiality
and activist espionage, pausing at turns
to remark that with my utility lineman's
gloves and welding hood, I look like a
small girl in a hospitalized gorilla
costume. When the horses run out of
water, we bury them next to a bridge

embankment and walk to the roof of an

Amaco station to watch what you

have been calling our premeditated *Sheva*

Brachot. The first truck that drives

through our take-down never makes it

to the exit. *It looks like a chair on fire towing a*

line of televisions in a marathon, you say. *That's*

too easy, I say. *You're right*, you say. *It looks*

like a rioting nursing home—there are

the overweight orderlies. There is the terrified

food service manager. There, you say,

holding my shin between your damp

thighs, *there is a man without dentures believing he isn't.*

AM I CRAZY?

Lauren Shapiro

There's no way to know.

I don't think so, and I can't trust
what other people say. Joan just left
for a 30-day yoga immersion hike
in the Himalayas, and this therapist,
squinting at me and biting her nails,
well, she might be a little bit crazy.

I mean, am I right? Is this one of those
vis-à-vis vice versa moments?

I would appreciate it if an unbiased
male audience member would please tell me
if I'm crazy. Just give me a chance
to explain myself to you over coffee.

I know this great place downtown—
we could catch a movie after.

I would show you my place and my cat
Claire Danes and who knows,
maybe we'll fall in love.

I'd like two kids, a boy and a girl,
and since I'm 34 I'd like to start soon.

You'll move in, and we'll turn the basement
into a playroom. I'm sure our pets
will love each other. I'll probably quit my job
to be a stay-at-home mom. I've always wanted
to get married on a beach in Mexico.

Will that be too far for your family to travel?

I mean, does this sound like a plan?

THE KISS

I would like to kiss you, said the man
perched on the chimney, but I don't have
any lips. From my spot on the roof
I told him I was married but that if
he didn't have lips it would be okay.
He came near and touched me softly
on my cheek with his cheek and I knew
that he really did have lips but was
being nice because he could tell that
I was blind and lonely sitting on a roof
in winter and he wanted to bring me
back inside.

PLEASE MARK ANY OF THE FOLLOWING:

Headache chest pain memory loss
disorganized thought pattern trouble
sleeping trouble staying awake
trouble with loved ones no reason
to get up no appetite failure
to function at work failure to relate
to family unwilling to discuss
failure to know if has failed utter
disassociation from reality from
family stays in room failing and
failing again completely can't tell if
failing but now believes so has seen
it coming but failed to stop it before
the crisis failed to think it was a
crisis family failed to see the crisis
in patient family failed the patient
continues to fail the patient failed
family failed patient failed family
failed patient failed family failed

THE WOOHOO INTERACTION

The Sims 3 is the third life-simulating video game in the popular series *The Sims*, which allows players to create characters who interact with each other, develop desires, experience “moodlets,” and move through phases of life (including death). Since its introduction in 2009, developers have made many updates to the game, fixing issues and adding new options. In January of 2014, blogger Jason Schreier posted a small collection of the updates to the gaming website *Kotaku*. Intrigued, members of the *jubilat* staff set out to read the updates in their entirety at the official *Sims 3* site. The following is a selection of what they discovered.

Reduced the urge for neat Sims to put away fire pits.

Neighbors will no longer gather to watch a burglar that hasn't yet stolen anything.

Painting valued painting wishes are easier to fulfill.

Harvestables on harvest ready plants will not get occasionally lost during import/export.

Sims no longer have the rare chance of getting permanently stuck while socializing.

Prevented a case where toddlers were allowed to escape a lot and wander freely.

Fixed a rare case where a toddler's teddy bear could get permanently stuck in their inventory.

Relationships are properly preserved when merging a newly created household into an existing household.

“WooHoo” interaction now counts as a romantic interaction.

Wish to “See Child Become a Genius” now auto cancels once it is no longer possible to fulfill.

Parents will no longer wish to “See Sim Get Married” for their already married children.

Fences no longer occlude sound.

Puddles will properly conform to uneven terrain.

Food stored in fridges now spoils at the reduced rate.

Owned businesses now properly generate income again.

Ghosts can now float into rooms with no doors.

Gnomes can now be live dragged on community lots.

Sims can no longer travel with Sims who are in jail.

The “Veggies . . . Now” Adventure now specifically requires lettuce for completion.

The Jog interaction no longer mocks poor, atrophied, player-controlled Mummies.

Sims no longer cuddle with inappropriate partners in tents.

There are now stricter relationship requirements for WooHooing with Sims in the Sarcophagus.

Mean Spirited Sims now “Freak Out” when reacting to danger.

Mummies now discuss the highs and lows of being a mummy.

Mummies can no longer learn songs. Their vocal chords have deteriorated leaving them mute.

Crying babies will now prompt Sims to leave a hot tub and tend to the baby.

Pianists will no longer continue playing pianos that have been detonated.

Sims will no longer receive a wish to “Skinny Dip” with Mummies.

Pregnant Sims can no longer “Brawl.”

Sims that drown while Skinny Dipping will now spin into their clothes while interacting with the Grim Reaper.

Sims can no longer WooHoo in the Elevator with a Sim who is on a different floor.

Sims can no longer hang out with Celebrity Sims on swing sets before properly impressing them.

Fixed an issue that caused Sims to leave their Toddler inside a bar at closing time.

The Grim Reaper will no longer be prevented from reaping souls due to band affiliation.

Fixed a tuning issue so that Sims now vomit at acceptable levels.

The magical laundry bear Abracadabra will no longer block Sims from moving after disappearing.

Magical gnomes from Ambitions will now behavior appropriately.

Fixed an issue that caused Sims to have broken or inappropriate hairstyles after aging up.

Fixes an issue that causes Sims to get stuck in the “Grab a Slice” interaction on pizza.

When adopting a dog, you will now be shown whether the dog is a Little Dog or a Large Dog.

You will now be warned that your Pet cannot have both the Immunity and Vomit Machine Lifetime Rewards at the same time.

Text for the Memory of a Bird Dying no longer refers to the Sim as dying.

Chased Mailman is now properly set as a Memory.

Horse Granola can no longer be sold at the Grocery Store.

Dogs will no longer take an extended amount of time when waking up from sleeping.

It will now be easier to tell when the food is empty in the Bird Tree and the bird is starving.

When using the Fire Pit, Sims can no longer roast and eat horse fertilizer.

Cats will no longer autonomously run through walls or full-length windows as though they were doors.

The “Sniff” interaction can now be performed on Celebrity Sims.

Adopted Pets will no longer be delivered while there is a fire on your lot.

Cats will no longer perform the “Scratch” interaction on a kicked over gnome.

Toddlers can no longer get fleas.

Baby Sims will no longer become stuck on a Sim’s hand while driving a car.

Babies and Toddlers will no longer go into a frozen state when a Social Worker comes to take them while they are being pushed in strollers.

The Imaginary Friend doll can no longer be buried in Sandboxes to prevent the Sim from losing it forever.

Sims that have been turned into a Ghost will no longer receive an extra diploma.

Sims can no longer have a negative amount of Memories in their Scrapbook.

Daycare children will no longer be abandoned on your Sim's lot.

Children now have the chance to be Scolded when performing "Dino Smash" on a doll house.

Ghost Sims will now remain floating when returning from Boarding School.

Unplayable states where Adults die when children are away at Boarding School have been resolved.

Sims who die while under the influence of the Ghost Potion will now properly appear as a Ghost after dying.

Sims who are on fire will no longer be forced to attend graduation before they can put themselves out.

Children and Teens can no longer die from motive failure while on a Time Out.

Vampire's fangs have been restored.

Sims can now swim in the ocean.

Sims must now have some positive relationship before asking other Sims to take photos in the "Gigi Photo Booth."

Toadified Sims will route fail less often when trying to eat flies on counters or large tables.

Writing fiction book will display proper text.

Fairy children will no longer stretch into adult size when using the “Talk to Plant” interaction.

Fixed an issue where WooHoo in the Gypsy Caravan wish is not fulfilled when Sims WooHoo in the Gypsy Caravan.

Worlds can now be purchased on the Main Menu.

Relationships will not be negatively impacted when not responding to crowd requests while performing on stage.

Child Sims will no longer “Play in Sand” indoors where there is no sand.

Elder canes now work properly.

Snow angels now work properly.

Sims can take photos with friends again.

Mermaid Children can now take showers.

Shells found while snorkeling now count towards wish fulfillment.

Sims can now relax on floor tiles.

Outdoor grills and easels now work on Private Lots.

Fixed an issue that could occur where Sims would get “stuck” moving to a new world.

Sims will no longer freeze when trying to Awaken Bonehilda on Bonehilda’s Coffin.

Sims can now ask their romantic interests to be roommates.

Love letters received at University are no longer converted into unusable bills when returning to home world.

The Murphy Bed has been made less lethal.

Roommates in the home world have been motivated and will now autonomously leave the house and go to work.

Children can no longer gain influence with social groups.

Sims in the University world will no longer get the wish “Talk About New Job.”

Sims will no longer occasionally flip or stutter when trying to walk through doorways.

Pillow Fight wishes will appear much less frequently.

Karaoke Machine wishes will appear much less frequently.

Hot Dog and Pie Eating contests can no longer ironically cause a Sim to starve to death.

Rain drops from roof edges now fade out along with the roof.

The frequency of alien abductions (without user intervention to increase chances) has been lowered.

The frequency of umbrellas breaking has been lowered.

Fixed an issue where Sims could not get married.

Fixed an issue where Sims could not use the telescope.

Fixed an issue where Sims could not collect space rocks.

Descendants can no longer own more than one house in the future.

Ghosts no longer appear in the Time Almanac.

Fixed an issue that could cause a teen to be trapped in a child's body when travelling to the future at the exact moment of a birthday.

Fixed an incompatibility issue with Lady Ravendancer Goth's Book o' Spells and the Fountain of Youth.

Fixed an issue where cats would become frozen when jumping on the Overly General Dining Chair.

Fixed an issue that could cause the Time Traveler to catch on fire and not be able to be put out.

Fixed issues that occurred with having the Tree of Prosperity installed with Into the Future.

THE NOBLE RIDER

Jessica Laser

Whose BMX is this
Propped beside the dumpster
With one popped tire
Bad for the key
To pull it from the lock
When I opened the lid
I smelled the old rotary
Phone, pogo sticks yet
The fly the other fly
Can't save has died
Goodbye
See you soon
Tomorrow
Perhaps
The lucky ones
Lost everything
Controllable
And no longer have impulses
People get two, women say
Privileges
And I two flies
A fly dying
To be a fly
What else is a person
To say. People crack
The same together
Wrenching
Who will crack with me

When you are
Experimental
Playing a pedal
Fearing your finger
Numbed forever
From touching over
And over a taut
String, the bow goes
I brought a snow globe
From Tel Aviv
To an ornamental mantel
In NYC
With a camel and desert
And no snow (gold
Glitter sandstorm)
To shake here
You are bad
Unreasonable
I am your receptacle, say
The fires I believe in
And they in me
Do we ruin or no
I know I only brought you
Chairs
There was not a place to lean
Against the fire
But a log
Listen
You've exhausted
Me, the pair of you
I don't live in their house
Neither do you

In ours. Let's
Walk out onto the golf course
Just the two of us
I have to catch you
Tell you the latest, at least that
I've been gone
You're right
Here and he's been gone
He's been with you
Our friend is dead and you are playing
Outside when I leave
In a few hours
Tomorrow
For the same task
Watching the bike lean
All out of owners
Who may have been small
Or routine
But since I've not seen
A million men riding
Knees raking the squall
I have thought those men
Alone since no one
Raised their seats
Or keeping low to be unseen
Or come unfixed because the blame leaps off them
That's holding them
At the end of the night.

THE CHEESE-EATERS

Henry Finch

We are all born of the same winter coats
the same jobs where bones meet
when all I want is the cinnamon Linda honestly
this tremor is all due to over-buttering in Massachusetts
serving you crossed-over caramel chains
useless roadside knotted flowers
a wilderness of earrings stranded at the airport
O but to embody the aroma of a cracked blue plastic seat
to lose yourself in a vehicle as kiwis roll across the windshield
across the sea a woman stretching what
her biscuit dough across a countertop
on Sunday morning Linda rings the bells
or presses play on a recording of the bells
to be projected over the main yard of the campus
as the dean is toasting you with artisan sourdough bread
until the cheese-eaters descend like crows into the Queso
Leonora a machine is sleeping humming idle
all its buttons wait for needless buttoning
teeth marks off the lips of Styrofoam cups
as moonlight smashes the evergreens
someone I become is drowning nearby
another paper bag is sinking
and I have to follow it into the night.

BEARERS OF THE MESSAGE

Rodrigo Toscano

They live in the minute before the minute that they kind of remember. No matter what they say about The Now, they live there, back there.

They also think, alright, people who work with their minds all day long, those people crave bodily rigor after hours.

And they think, yeah, people who work with their bodies all day long, *those* people crave complex mental stimulation—after hours.

And there's the crux. There's the point of departure and destination, that a broad social and at the same time, very discreet portion of Capitalist work culture is what they mainly attend to. They name it, The Big Plan For The After Hours.

But soon they come to think that “something's out there,” and not long after they think it, they call it, The Something Entirely Else That Certainly Must Exist.

Later—late at night, the moment comes when they question whether *any* moment will ever come. They put it like this: “do we *really* crave something entirely else—or not?”

All these things they think and say, all the while the minute after the minute as they're thinking and saying it, has since long flamed out in their very midst.

It's at that point that they say, “we must, it looks like, bear the chaotic winds of para-personal desires while fulfilling the most immediate fulfillments we can fulfill at the very moment that they present themselves to us.”

Early in the morning the next day, they think and say—and not very persuasively, “we’re strong, we’ve got endurance enough to teeth-churn through it all.” And then they say—and rather convincingly, “we’re skilled enough to babble it to anyone willing to lend an ear.”

WHAT'S IN YOUR MEDUSA HAIR TODAY? LET'S SEE.

A crouched cyan-colored crawfish squeezed into a periwinkle latex blouse enameled with platinum sparkles, waiting for a tomato-colored moon to render it dazzling.

A nestled mint-cream gator skull rocking an onyx hemp bandana, chomping at the bit to entrap a curious finger.

A scrunched papayawhip-colored wild boar in crotchless mulberry urethane slacks, biding its time to sprout wings and fly away.

A lemon-chiffon manatee burrowed in its lair, bundled in a charcoal vinyl skirt flashing a little extra rump, eager to be swooped up by an atomic-tangerine shark in magenta rayon mesh.

A cornflower blue cormorant squatting in glass stilettos, huddling between two hunkered gunmetal-gray bobcats in mirrored shades, staying put—for the moment.

A light goldenrod yellow shrimp in a vermillion acetate bondage mask quietly ducking under a granny smith apple-green sturgeon swathed in a recycled soy fiber taupe negligee, about to pounce.

Bridgette Bates

See the blue jays threatening to attack the screen door, but then retreat at a shadow.

See four figures on a rug with different colored headdresses and know they are of the same ceremony.

See each color not as metaphor, but as dyed wool.

See man carve candelabras from the fossils of man.

See climbing the wide steps of temples as a stretching of the body before prayer.

See civilization develop its brick symmetry of unforeclosed homes.

See the tent cities of protesters as a luminous shelter.

See a doctor about vegetables and a farmer about disease.

See a moth's entire life cycle beneath the lampshade.

See cornfields from the emergency shoulder. See golden foliage as a compelling case for sacrifice.

See the rescue workers talking to themselves in the rubble.

See the diligence of burying a single bone.

See the boom hanging from the ceiling of a car chase.

See discipline as a parallel act.

See aphorisms as rusty hinges of truth.

See the raspy smoker bid you goodnight from the porch rail.

See a creek shattering property lines.

See the body as a voluntary infrastructure.

See an airplane as the most credible object in the sky.

Fact: There is a meadow between two valleys untouched by man. False: Man walks through the meadow to see what is untouched.

Every landscape has a weathered statue. Being rescued is the same as being saved. Being saved is the same as being rescued.

I cannot tell you my trick to wishing because then my wishes will not come true.

Fact: The hope that you can hear my intentions echoing between two valleys.

I dried wildflowers between the pages of a book searching for something to pay tribute. The book was a collection of haikus. *Beneath the meadow/ cicadas grip the meadow./ I rise above both.*

The thought of seventeen years underground is worse than cremation. Worse than being placed in an urn on a mantle that your family has to worry about knocking over.

I am so sufficient at staring out a window that the heat of my gaze penetrates the glass so that it becomes unblown and sand is thrown back into my eyes.

Fact: All the idiosyncratic superpowers have been illustrated in comics. When the boy who thought he could fly fell from the roof he could no longer walk.

Fact: I prayed for him even though I believe in prayer less than I believe in flying.



[THE DAY I LEARNED I WAS ILLEGAL]

Marcelo Hernandez Castillo

The sidewalks
are wet and slick.
If they have heads
the shoots of grass
are lifting dew drops
high above them
with their hands,
if they have hands.

[THE DAY I LEARNED I WAS ILLEGAL]

There is a bird unraveling
a song and towards the end
the bird becomes undone
as if it couldn't figure out
its own puzzle in its mouth
and gave up.

How many are reduced
to a tangle of strings,
writhing on the damp grass?

[THE DAY I LEARNED I WAS ILLEGAL]

His name is Norberto.

He is homeless.

He holds out his piss
colored hands as if

I know the answer.

from LOVE LETTERS

Emily McGrath-Ho

You called me after school to fight
about Kobe Bryant's sex life

and I sat on my mother's bed
watching myself cry in the mirror

because I hated you both.
You wanted to join the circus

and I felt fine about that
until your mother called the next day

to ask if I had been taking the sacrament
and did I know where her son was.

You gave me your bottom lip.
There's a scar where your brother hit you with a 2x4.

You gave me tears from your parents.

You gave me a 99¢ taco
every night I called after ten.

You gave me trouble in the locker room with girls.

You gave me text messages from your wife's phone
sent from the bottom of a pool.

You gave me hot carwater.

You gave me an alphabetic mix tape:
Blink 182/Bon Jovi/Britney Spears/.

You gave me beef jerky that fell on the ground.

You gave your daughter to her mother
and made another for me.

You gave a terrible dance in your sunny bedroom.

My condo really loves me living here.
It likes all the crap I leave on the floor
and laughs when I burn frozen dinners.
The toaster thinks I'm childish
but I think it is too.
It runs a bath when I start to cry
waits at the side of the tub
reflecting everything
but me.

DIAPHRAGM (I)

Broc Rossell

From an aspect
blooms a cup
of tea. Actual enemies
write paragraphs,
a contemplation
erupts into anemones.
Every month
the fingerprints of a hibiscus
are reported.
The accident
continues everywhere –
thought collects debts
and travels.
Poisons aren't faceless
crimes. The glass of water
on the table is
what's possible –
a little
flood
of elegance,
a recital.

CITY PARK

for Bin

The way my tongue goes into space comforts me

It's easier to live in this body

When it speaks with birds in the azure illusion

In a park between three busy streets

I walk among a few trees

I find myself speaking

I have a cup in my hand

And someone gives me some thing

from YOUNG BOY IN RED SWEATER

Elaine Bleakney

Tell the dirty banana story, Mama.

Once upon a time a painter named Joan Mitchell was in her studio. The painting wasn't going well. She heard time, a spring wind, lift people she loved away. Usually she could work with this. She would put herself in her wrist, cross valleys and cities as a river or a lick of fire. But today was bad. She took a banana she'd saved for a snack out of a sack and flung it out the open window like an old bone.

At that moment Bono from Where the Streets Have No Name was walking by and he stepped—squish—on Joan Mitchell's banana. He looked at his friend The Edge and said, oh no, not again, man—my shoes! They looked up to the tall buildings. Joan Mitchell was leaning out of one, laughing. And Bono said: hey! And she said, I'm sorry. And he said, I'm *Bono*. And she said, Goodbye now I have to paint.

That's not how it goes, Mama.

That's the way it goes, kokomo. Joan Mitchell shut the window. She felt her wrist. Everyone else could go mess with themselves—time to paint. It doesn't mean she doesn't hear you through the wall. She hears you, trains and light swinging in the garden. Her dogs watch her walk from the window to the canvas. They hear the sounds that mean she will be A Long Time. The dogs set their bones out of reach, deep in their bodies. Green wind, blue mind. Joan Mitchell calls this: "I no longer exist."

from RARE AND SPECIAL INTERESTS

Eric Amling

What will happen;
With an evil light;
Like this;
It'll come;
Shining on through to some;
Slight clearances;
Like videos on natural healing;
Or sorority epitaphs;
On heavy cotton;
The palace purple;
Gelatin capsules;
Of antihistamine;
Baby, I'm telling you;
They dissolve;
They wander;
They get frisky;
And I let them;

Whilst lying beside this stone;
Becoming a Dopamine Christ;
As a dozen sycamores;
Police my anxiety;
With fragrant breath;
I'm now a tolerant;
Son of a bitch;
I don't like the way;
The tree moves;
But it moves

Guess who's on an airplane;
In the dark hum;
Looking at the hotel pools;
Lit below;
And the pockets of white trash;
Where actresses sometimes come from;
Like Tammy;
Who isn't an actress;
But my neighbor that sunbathed;
On the garage roof;
Just outside my bedroom window;
There still remains a desire;
To see her next to the boom box;
Ultraviolets applauding her neckline;
She has no idea what I've become;
The tumor sized hell in my brain;
That this color corrected flashback;
Is being exploited for artistic use;
By a petrified drunk;
That only wants their precious ego;
And this private event;
Sustained

ALL THINGS IN LIFE ARE SUBJECT TO DOUBT, WHETHER REAL OR IMAGINARY

Maggie Glover

The last time at the hospital,
you sat on the edge of the bed,
explained to me the command
of a pilot fish, how they'd navigate
a ship to shore. What is a technical
mouth besides a technical mouth
(double dose to deplete morning sadness,
brackish headaches, the rush-in
of some zone)? I still love your hands,
how they don't do what you don't do.
This morning, I feel better

but not better-better. I go out
in borrowed gloves, press my hands
against the window of my car
like some alien body with no fingerprints,
on a planet where beginnings
are just coats piled on a bed at a party
and all my fantasies are only lightly salted
with blood. There, beauty disappoints
just as often, a moat of poems
between me and all the people in the movie
looking one way, then the other.



from SORE SONGS

Heather June Gibbons

All night I wait for you under the clothesline
in the dew, the consecrated dew, in my new

wrap-dress with a pronounced décolletage
and scuffed shoes, in this same ordinary face.

All night horned chamois pad quietly behind
in the cypress grove and I find myself yawning

even as I feel you will not come, not even
when I bait you with mineral licks, fennel

and Bowflex, not even when I show you
the blueprints for my castle and point out

countless scenic views. A trace of pollen
streaks your cheek. You lurk in an alcove

with a monkey wrench and leather driving gloves.
I clasp your picture to my throat and prisms

spawn rainbows in the humidity.
My tassels glitter delicately.

ACE OF DIAMONDS

Caroline Cabrera

I am trying to remember how to signal in spring I
become a devourer of light eat it with my skin
I am the motion of earth an electron carrying myself
around a core also myself I give pep talks say
it'll come to you, Ace I try to emerge from blankets
in an all too obvious birth once I thought you were
Jesus I cross and uncross my legs to help my
figuring the light says *ho hum* *my angel birth*
my streetlamp corona and I stumble upon buildings strung
with lights in a holiday way far too late but who
am I I just took down my Christmas tree I just ate
the best malai kofta I have ever it took me nineteen
years but I walked into that room of lilies again
and as I expected no one sees halos but me or
everyone sees halos but they think it nothing special
or if I stand here long enough I will have to choose a
favorite lily

NINE OF CLUBS

My yard has many bougainvillea my yard has a
fern gully crab spiders know who's boss in my yard
hint: it's the crab spiders I don't know the name of all
the other plants in my yard but the umbrella tree is
poisonous the yard cat is named Mr. Bagel he
has a dumb high-pitched meow an ugly mug and
repulsive testicles he is an irresponsible cat father
bougainvillea overgrow in a wild way I am trying too
to overgrow I climb the amazing oak in my yard
and know how wonderful it will be when I become
giant and airborne people say legs for miles
but I mean it when the sky crashes down or the
ground rises up or whatever happens happens I
will not have to steal a boat to get away from this
place though I still might find it fun to do so I
would steal a sail boat I don't want to be too
dependent and the wind will likely be raucous

RENDEZVOUS: WHEN IT DID
NOT COME BACK THE LAND HAD
DETACHED FROM THE SEA

Todd Melicker

the soil coiled in a cup. a soil culled in a bowl. *why*, you say
and say *why*, *the color is delicate here. the best we can make are a series of*
preparations. yes, the indelible x, but does it still and singing? we take the
dovebird in and out of our chests with the certainty of naming during the
collection of names. in and out of our mouths. i color myself at the eyes.

sky to sky
a sun shy at
sea? rely, i'll
say, be ark or
cart, for daily we
line & lay the
shell, quell a seed
pod.

RENDEZVOUS: ARE YOU WEARING THE SEED TO ABSTRACTION?

*when i was lean, i seemed
poor & devil: more from
my core, this thread-door,
grows the pleasing metal*

the clover returns in the cuts
of the animals we are growing back. that is, we are returning to our arms
more than they return to us. the left side of my body introduces itself to
the right and exchanges information after the accident of knowing. in a
bucket of prunings, the sun cannot make itself or itself.

WATER THE DESTROYER

Stella Corso

they say the moment
you come into yourself

is a blessed thing

but I believe it is holier
to come into another

if I believed in others

I believe in numbers
and their constant assortments

their terrible laws

I believe in the fire
behind the wall

that is waiting to happen

I know that water
is the real destroyer

I know the two are huddled together

like a wretched pair of children
beneath the dinner table

to see how bad I have been

A SYSTEM OF HOLDING

Kimberly Grey

If there's a horse in the mindfield, if there's more than one horse,
hold them,
as to not rush them, as to not rush away from the violence
of staying. There are two ways to
hold people –
one is by grief. The other is by the physics with which you know
them – a bedfellow's arms swaddled and tugged around you means you have
held him
hardly enough. I said bedfellow, not lover, because so far this could be
any century. Hektor did not approve of war. Who is Hektor? He means
“to hold” you.
I'll Hektor you, he Hektored down that job, she hektored back
from joy. This is all
so old.
Just say it. When you love someone you are consenting to the grief which comes
with loving them. We are objects affected by the light exploration of hands.
I was ravished by a man
for a whole
year. I knew him sufficiently and geometrically, his body fit into mine
so much that we were sucking and bordered and building.
I held
him, and all his horses, as the TV shook with planes. If there was a day we all
wished to hold
each other it would have been that day. Look, people are captivating
in loss, as long as we are not them. As long as the ones we
want to hold
are not excruciatingly dead. So many of us were
holding each other

the night before, how different things could've been; if that morning
the country was collected by the neck of its throes, and together
we screamed we all just screamed

don't go

CONTRIBUTORS

SARA DENIZ AKANT's work has appeared in *CutBank*, *Lana Turner*, *The Claudius App*, and *Wag's Revue*, among other journals. Her first chapbook, *PARADES*, won the Omnidawn Chapbook Contest and is forthcoming in September 2014. She currently lives in Iowa City.

ERIC AMLING's debut full-length book, *From the Author's Private Collection*, will be available in 2015.

JOHN ASHBERY's most recent collection of poems is *Quick Question*. A two-volume set of his translations from the French (poetry and prose) will be published in early 2014.

BRIDGETTE BATES's poems have appeared in *Boston Review*, *Fence*, *VERSE*, and elsewhere. A recipient of a Fulbright and a Discovery Prize, her first book will be published this fall. She lives in Los Angeles.

BRYAN BECK was born in Germany and grew up in Oregon. He works at the University of Massachusetts.

ELAINE BLEAKNEY is the author of *For Another Writing Back* and *20 Paintings* by Laura Owens. She lives in Asheville, North Carolina.

JERIMEE BLOEMEKE's recent work has appeared in *The Iowa Review* and *Artifice*, as well as in the chapbook

Cosmic Latte. His first full-length book, *Esoteric Cults of the American Soul*, is forthcoming.

CAROLINE CABRERA is the author of *Flood Bloom* and the chapbook *Dear Sensitive Beard*. Some recent poems have been published in *Birdfeast*, *Sink Review*, *The Bakery* and *Whiskey Island*.

STEN CARLSON is the author of the chapbook (written collaboratively with Robin Clarke) *Lives of the Czars*. He lives with his wife Emily and baby Jules at Borland Green, an intentional community in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

MARCELO HERNANDEZ CASTILLO is a Canto Mundo fellow and an MFA candidate at the University of Michigan. He teaches during the summer at the Atlantic Center for the Arts. Recent work can be found in *The Journal* and *Devil's Lake*.

JACK CHRISTIAN is the author of the poetry collection *Family System*.

MICHAEL COMSTOCK's poetry can be found in *notnostrums*, *Thermos*, *The Awl*, and *Fence*. His collaborations with Nico Alvarado have appeared in *Forklift*, *Ohio* and *Shampoo*.

STELLA CORSO runs a vintage clothing shop called Pale Circus in Greenfield, Massachusetts. Some of her recent work can be found or is

forthcoming in *Caketrain*, *notnostrums*, and *Jellyfish* magazine.

GIBSON FAY-LEBLANC's first collection of poems, *Death of a Ventriloquist*, won the Vassar Miller prize and was published in 2012. His poems have appeared in magazines including *Guer-nica*, *The New Republic*, and *Tin House*.

HENRY FINCH's poetry appears in or is forthcoming from *The Seattle Review*, *The Massachusetts Review*, *Transom*, and elsewhere. He lives in Blue Hill, Maine, where he teaches writing and music and edits *Lit Passages*.

HEATHER JUNE GIBBONS' poems have appeared recently in *Boston Review*, *Sixth Finch*, *West Branch*, *Fourteen Hills*, and *Forklift*, Ohio. She is the author of the chapbook *Flyover* and teaches at San Francisco State University.

MAGGIE GLOVER is originally from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Her poetry has appeared in *Verse Daily*, *Ninth Letter*, *Smartish Pace*, *The Journal*, *32 Poems*, and *MANTIS*. Her debut collection of poems, *How I Went Red*, was published in 2014. She lives in San Francisco, California.

KIMBERLY GREY is a Wallace Stegner Fellow in Poetry at Stanford University. Her work has appeared or will appear in *The Kenyon Review*, *Tin House*, *A Public Space*, *PN Review* (UK), *The Southern Review* and elsewhere. She lives in California.

LUCY IVES is most recently the author of *Orange Roses*, a collection of poems and essays, and *nineties*, a novel about a decade. A new book, including a novella, *The Worldkillers*, is forthcoming in Spring 2014. She lives in New York City and is a deputy editor with Triple Canopy.

CHRISTINE NEACOLE KANOWNIK's *We are Now Beginning to Act Wildly* was published in 2012. You can find her work in such places as *The Huffington Post*, *EOAGH*, *H_NGM_N* and *The Poetry Project Newsletter*.

DANIEL KHALASTCHI is the author of two books of poetry, *Manoleria* and *Tradition*. A co-founder and managing editor of Rescue Press, Daniel currently serves as the Associate Director of the University of Iowa's Center for Undergraduate Writing.

JESSICA LASER's poems have appeared in *Boston Review*, *Lana Turner*, *Petri Press*, *RealPoetik*, *Thermos*, and elsewhere. She currently lives in Brooklyn and teaches creative writing at Manhattanville College.

MARK LEIDNER is the author of *Beauty Was the Case that They Gave Me* and *The Angel in the Dream of Our Hangover*.

LIZZIE LEE LENSEN is a poet and visual artist from South Deerfield, Massachusetts. She holds a Bachelor of Arts in Comparative Literature from UMass Amherst. She is the

author of one chapbook, *Theatre of the Cow*, which was published in 2013.

LESLIE LEWIS' new book is *A Boot's a Boot*. Previous books are *Small Boat*, *Landscapes I & II*, *lie down too*, and the chapbook *It's Rothko in Winter or Belgium*. She is a Professor of Creative Writing at Landmark College.

DORA MALECH is the author of *Shore Ordered Ocean* and *Say So*. Her poems have appeared in *The New Yorker*, *Poetry* and *Tin House*, among other publications. In Fall 2014, she will begin two years as a Creative and Performing Arts Fellow at Princeton University.

RANDALL MANN lives in San Francisco. His third collection, *Straight Razor*, was recently published.

EMILY McGRATH-HO's work has appeared or is forthcoming in *Pleiades*, *CutBank*, *Anti*, *Booth*, *The Licking River Review*, and elsewhere. She's also the recipient of an Academy of American Poetry prize and a Hart-Larsen Poetry Prize.

TODD MELICKER daily wanders the streets of Petaluma, California, gathering data as a GPS technician. *rendezvous* relies on language and phrases borrowed from the letters of Vincent Van Gogh and the letters and poems of T. M. Baird.

JESSE NATHAN's poems appear in *Volt*, *Poetry International*, and *American*

Poetry Review, among others, and he co-edits the McSweeney's Poetry Series. He was born in Berkeley and lives now in San Francisco, but spent half his youth in Kansas.

ANDREA REXILIUS is the author of *Half of What They Carried Flew Away* and *To Be Human Is To Be A Conversation*. She lives in Denver.

STUART ROSS has published two collaborative novels, two story collections, eight poetry books, a novel, and an essay collection. His most recent is *Our Days in Vaudeville*, collaborations with 29 other poets. Stuart lives in Cobourg, Canada, and at blog-gamooga.blogspot.ca.

BROC ROSSELL is a poet from California. He lives in Vancouver, British Columbia, where he teaches creative writing, literature, and interdisciplinary courses in the English and Humanities departments at Simon Fraser University.

LAUREN SHAPIRO is the author of the collection *Easy Math* and the chapbook *Yo-Yo Logic*. She teaches in the Creative Writing Program at Carnegie Mellon University.

MICHAEL MARTIN SHEA lives in Oxford, Mississippi, where he edits *Yalobusha Review* and coordinates the Trobar Ric Reading Series. His poems have appeared in *Colorado Review*, *Indiana Review*, *Pleiades*, and *Best New Poets* 2012.

SASHA STEENSEN is the author of three books of poetry, most recently *House of Deer*. Her work has appeared or is forthcoming in *Omniverse*, *Black Warrior Review*, *Boston Review*, and *Denver Quarterly*. She teaches Creative Writing and Literature at Colorado State University, where she also serves as a poetry editor for *Colorado Review*.

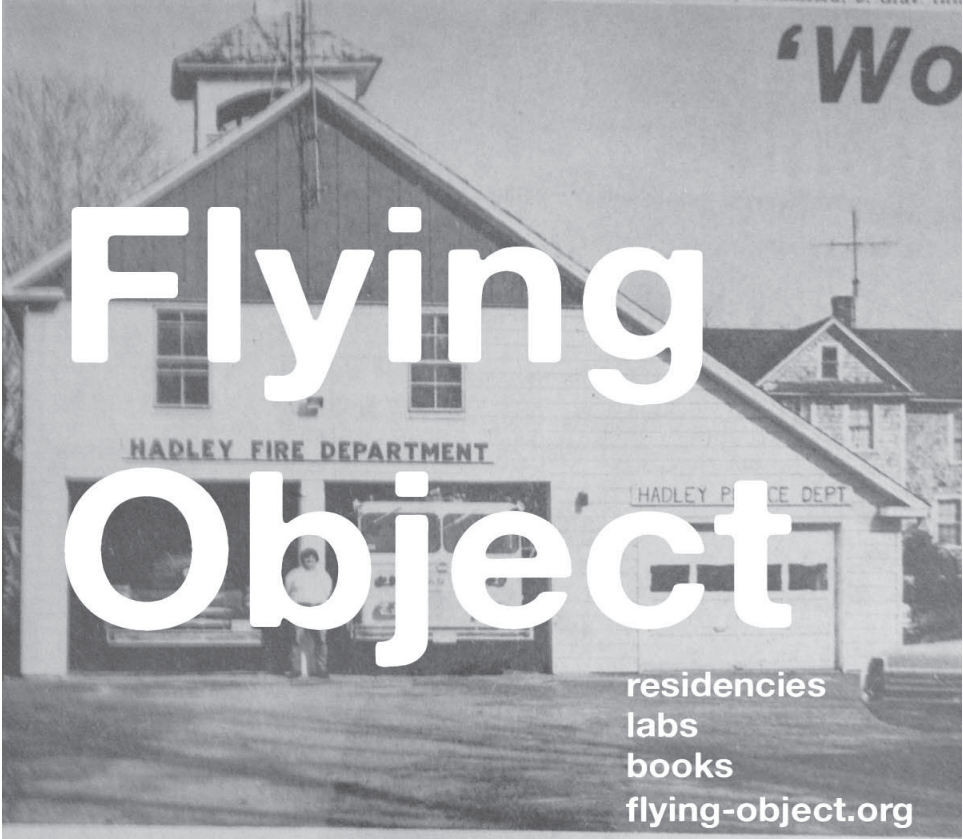
PAIGE TAGGART is the author of *Want for Lion* & forthcoming *Or Replica*. She makes jewelry for poets: mactaggartjewelry.com.

HALIE THEOHARIDES is from Hampden, Massachusetts, the home of Laughing Brook Wildlife Sanctuary. She works in a public library.

RODRIGO TOSCANO's newest book of poetry is *Deck of Deeds*. His previous collection, *Collapsible Poetics Theater*, was a 2007 National Poetry Series selection. Toscano lives tethered to a Droid, residing in airports, occupying poetics in midflight.

DARA WIER's newest book is *You Good Thing*.

LAURIE SAURBORN YOUNG is the author of *Carnavoria* and *Patriot*. Her second book of poems, *Industry of Brief Distraction*, is forthcoming. A portfolio of her photography work is online at lauriesaurborn.carbonmade.com. She lives in Austin, Texas.



Flying Object

residencies
labs
books
flying-object.org

FIRE DEPARTMENT Lt. Edward Dudkiewicz in front of Hadley's public safety quarters.

The single room designated as the police department is jammed with filing cabinets, shelves of official forms and police equipment.

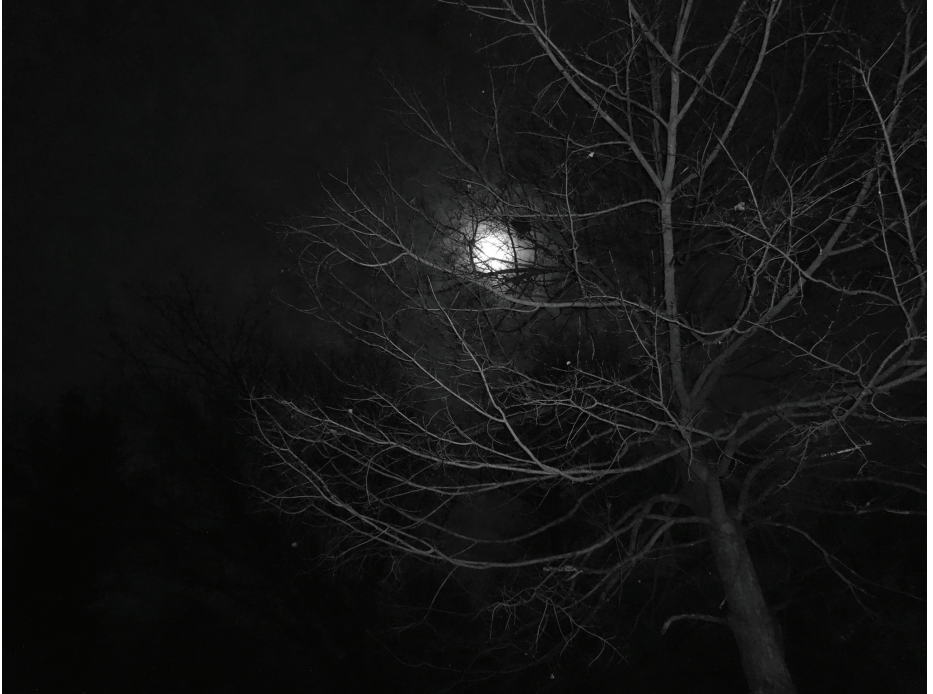
'There's no room to interrogate or interview anyone,' said Sgt. Michael Majewski. 'The chief has one desk that everyone and his brother uses. There's not even room for a bulletin board.'



Poets on Basketball

thepeachbasket.tumblr.com

Moon City Review 2015



Call for Submissions

Fiction

Poetry

Nonfiction

Translations

Reviews

<https://mooncitypress.submittable.com>

superstition [review]

an online literary magazine

[art, fiction, interviews, nonfiction, poetry]

recently featuring...

Aimee Bender
David Kirby
Susan Steinberg
Lee Martin
Kamilah Aisha Moon
Adam Johnson
Alix Ohlin
Ira Sukrungruang

"I would recommend Superstition Review to
anyone who wants good, honest writing."

The Review Review



Superstition Review



@SuperstitionRev

superstitionreview@gmail.com



@SuperstitionRev



Superstition Review

superstitionreview.com



Sara Deniz Akant
Eric Amling
John Ashbery
Bridgette Bates
Bryan Beck
Elaine Bleakney
Jerimee Bloemeke
Caroline Cabrera
Sten Carlson

Marcelo Hernandez Castillo
Jack Christian
Michael Comstock
Stella Corso
Gibson Fay-LeBlanc
Henry Finch
Heather June Gibbons
Maggie Glover
Kimberly Grey

Jessica Laser
Mark Leidner
Lizzie Lee Lenson
Lesle Lewis
Dora Malech
Randall Mann
Emily McGrath-Ho
Todd Melicker
Jesse Nathan
Andrea Rexilius
Stuart Ross
Broc Russell
Lauren Shapiro
Michael Martin Shea
Sasha Steensen
Paige Taggart
Halie Theoharides
Rodrigo Toscano
Dara Wier
Laurie Saurborn Young

Lucy Ives
Christine Neacole Kanownik
Daniel Khalastchi

